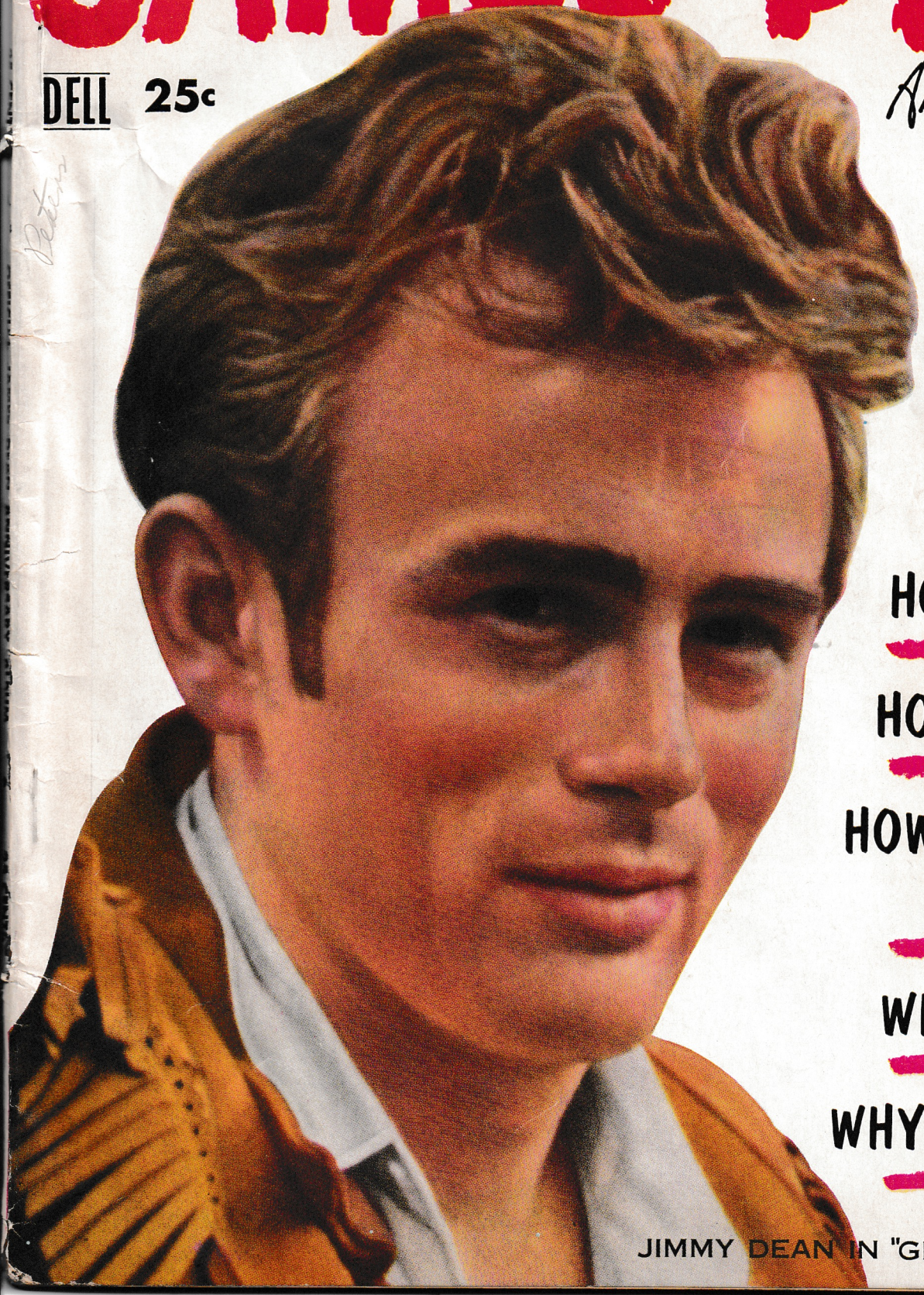
Jimmy's own scrapbook! see page 32

OFFICIAL

JAMES DEAN

Anniversary Book

DELL 25c



HOW HE LIVED

HOW HE LOVED

HOW HIS GENIUS FLOWERED

WHY HE DIED

WHY HE LIVES ON

JIMMY DEAN IN "GIANT"

When Jimmy took this lonely walk in the rain through Times Square, he was on the verge of fame.

Printed in U.S.A.

JAMES DEAN

OFFICIAL ANNIVERSARY BOOK

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perfect phrasing. But his successes were not just the result of study and hard work. Jimmy Dean's acting was greater than the technique he brought to it. During the rare moments when he would stand still long enough to make a statement about his work he would say:

"An actor should know a little about many things. He must do more than project his own personality on the screen. He should represent a cross-section of many phases of life. The best way to succeed in this is to learn as much as possible about people and their pursuits. Any person stagnates if he does not add to his knowledge. I know I feel more alive when I am trying to master something new."

To us this means that Jimmy's immense identification with his screen characters was possible because he realized how much he was like them in real life. The passionate intensity of Cal Adams, the rejected son of his father, was the plight of Jimmy Dean, the man of many masks, the despondent youth in search of the meaning of love.

It was not an easy task he set before himself . . . the desire and pursuit of love. Jimmy Dean was a proud man. If the world was going to accept him, it would have to do so on his own terms. He wasn't going to cringe before the altar of love, whispering for a little affection. He wasn't ready to compromise so often, sacrifice so much, that the meaning of love would be lost, and his identity as a human being along with it. "So Jimmy remained Jimmy," one of his close friends told us. "But he never quit longing for the warmth and understanding of people who lived in the world around him. He had to die to get it."

Much of this already has been understood. Any one of the millions who has followed Dean's career, viewing his films, and reading the newspaper and magazine articles about him, can sense the terrible struggle that marked the life of Jimmy Dean. Poems and letters have been received by MODERN SCREEN and SCREEN ALBUM which point out how remarkably many readers understood what this man was attempting to do in life. Yet, this does not account for their own feverish desire to create a Dean myth. It can be a healthy and natural activity for young people to select a motion picture star for their hero. But it is strange that such reverence should continue, even grow, after he is dead. The strength of James Dean's appeal, we believe, was not of the same caliber or kind as idols of the past. For the first time, America's youth has chosen the figure of a disturbed man to represent their longings and their struggles. He was a man who once sorrowfully lamented, "My life story seems so dull to me, that I can't really tell it right without the 'Funeral March' or 'Hearts and Flowers' providing a mournful background."

And yet, in one sense, this conflict is good. For out of it comes understanding. Those who have lined themselves up with Jimmy in this quest for self-knowledge could not have picked a more sincere mentor. But there are others, and we believe they are few, who have nourished adoration for aspects of Dean which he himself tried desperately to overcome. The contempt which he expressed for many conventions, good or bad, was only on the surface. The dark brooding and gnawing loneliness were not the real Jimmy Dean. They were the dragons in himself which he sought to slay. They arose out of the unhappiness of his childhood and reached, like terrible claws, into his adult life. He didn't like it and he was trying to do something about it. Perhaps he didn't find the right weapon in time. We don't know. But it was too late.

We doubt that Jimmy Dean would appreciate the cult that hovers about his name. He was a great individualist, as we said before. Yet he tried to accept the obligations of fame as he would have yielded to the meager rewards of obscurity. Sometimes it appeared that he was unsuccessful in coming to terms with the responsibility which all of us had placed on his shoulders when we helped him to fame. But whether his gentle smile was for the applause of a nation or the appreciation of a few friends, he would have still fought the same battle. He would have become what he knew he must . . . a mature adult.

It is not the memory of a figure rushing toward death with arms outspread that his book seeks to embellish. It is to the striving, tormented young man who, doomed to a short, intense life, created out of himself a symbol for the living.

On the pages that follow, we have drawn a picture of Jimmy Dean with the help of many hands. We will see him through many eyes, since it is our belief that the stature of a man is not achieved through the reminiscences of a single person, but through the collective memory of all who knew him.

Roy Schatt, Dennis Stock and Sanford Roth are professional photographers. But each knew Jimmy as a friend. The photographs which they have contributed are as revealing and intimate a close-up of Jimmy in his many moods as has ever appeared in a single magazine.

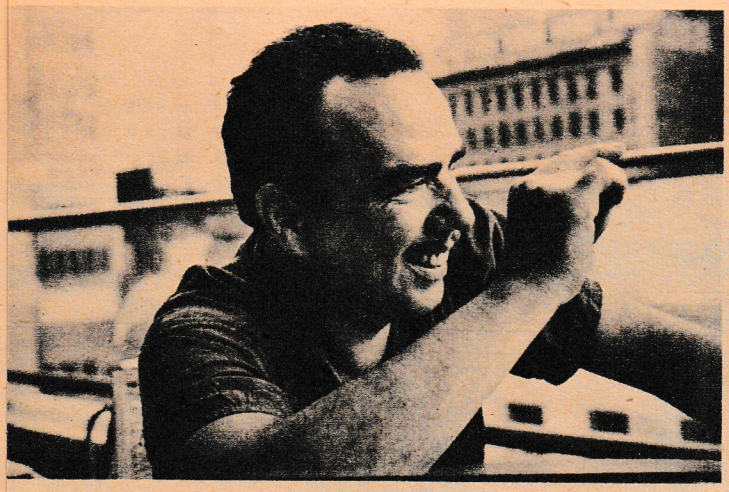
"MY LIFE STORY SEEMS

SO DULL TO ME..."

Natalie Wood tells you in her own words the wonderful story of her first meeting with Jimmy. Nick Adams sadly relates the effect of Jimmy's death on his friends. There is a section on Jimmy's accomplishments . . . they were many and varied, and he was an expert at them all. We have included also, for the first time anywhere, the intimate scrapbooks which Jimmy always kept.

In the second part of this anniversary tribute we have reprinted earlier articles about Jimmy which appeared in other Dell magazines. In a way, this section traces his short but remarkable career as it was happening. It is much like a treasured notebook which we have kept and are now publishing for you to keep and cherish as your own.

As you read through the pages of this book, you will discover many features, details and anecdotes about Jimmy which have never before been told. We hope it will help you as it has helped us to understand the amazing James Byron Dean.



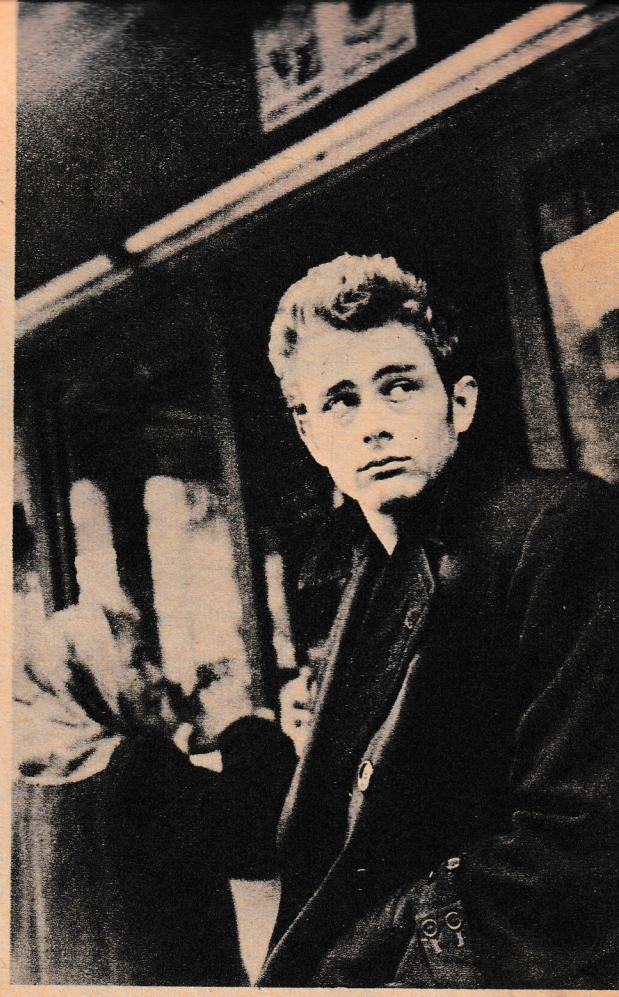
"When Jimmy studied photography, nobody escaped his camera, not even me," Schatt says. This was at Museum of Modern Art.

PORTRAIT OF THE ACTOR IN A BIG TOWN

the photographs of

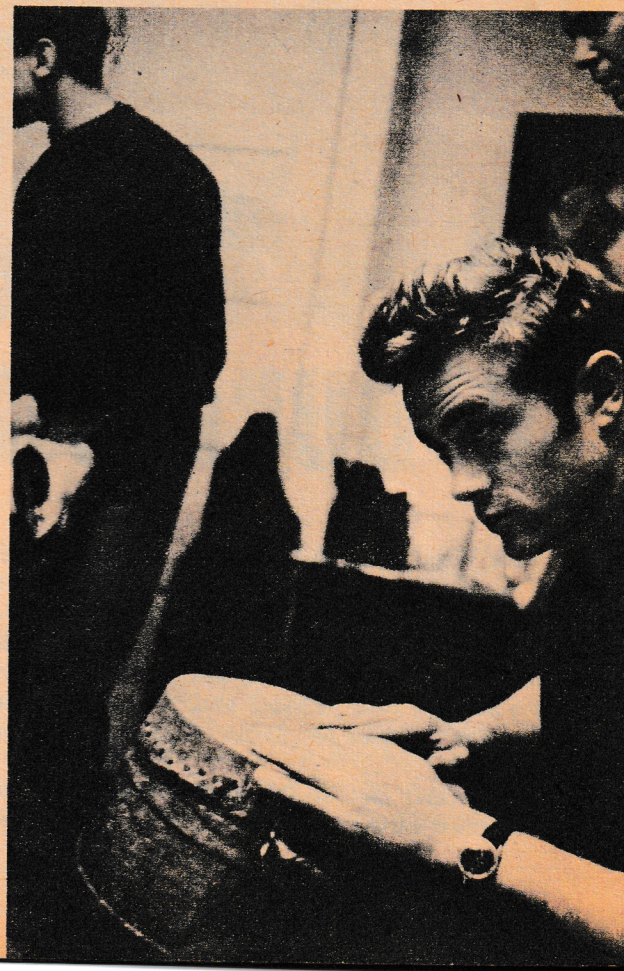
Roy Schatt

■ When young Jimmy Dean left UCLA and went East in 1953, there were only a few people who recognized in him the seeds of future greatness. One of these was Roy Schatt, the New York photographer who has shown a knack for discovering young talent long before the studios sit up and take notice. Dean spent many hours at Schatt's midtown studio, and naturally became interested in photography. Within a few months, Schatt had another full-time student on his hands. (His others have included Elia Kazan and Susan Strasberg.) "Nothing Jimmy ever did was just a sideline," Roy told us. "He put everything he was into everything he did. In his photography, he was constantly searching for the new, even the odd. Sometimes the results were bizarre. But it was always Jimmy." Roy Schatt, too, was snapping shutters as fast as he could load his cameras. Some of the candid shots he took during parties at the studio with Jimmy at the bongos, and his quiet portraits of a young man heading for stardom, form an important part of the photographic record of a brief but blazing career.



"Even in those days, you could sense he was troubled."

"Times like this in my studio, only the music mattered."



"And when resting, there was a part of him that never relaxed. He seemed to be listening to something none of us could hear."

"Sometimes he would just stare into space, as if he knew his future. He looked like he was astonished by it, but never afraid."

When Jimmy was cast in Rebel, *he used his influence to get Dennis Stock the job of dialogue director.*

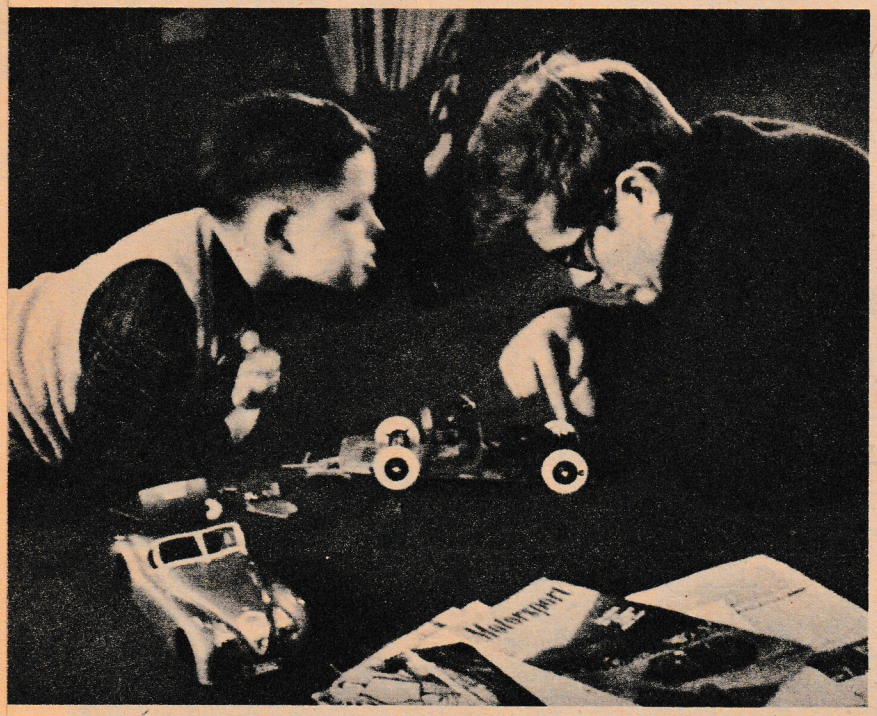
A BOY AT HOME

■ One of the closest and most loyal friends Jimmy Dean had was Dennis Stock. The two lived near each other in Hollywood when Jimmy was making *East of Eden*. After the picture was completed, they flew to New York where the premiere was scheduled to take place. Jimmy was to make his "debut" that evening. But he didn't show. He spent the day visiting his old haunts and taking in a couple of movies with some old cronies. Maybe he knew that the next morning he was going to be proclaimed a star. Maybe he realized he only had a little time left to walk unrecognized among the anonymous crowds that noisily drift along Manhattan's streets.

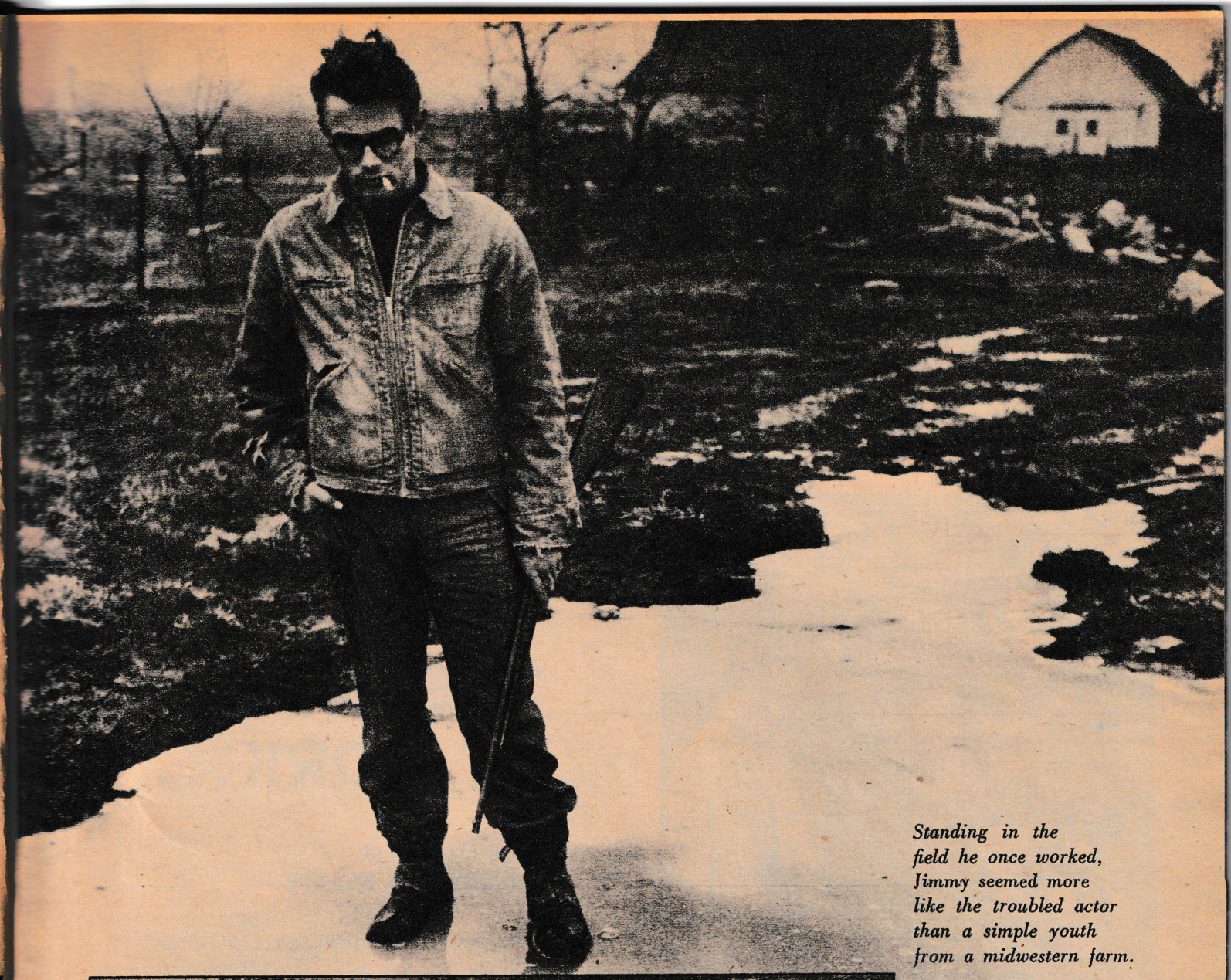
The two became virtually inseparable. And when Stock asked to photograph the camera-shy Jimmy at his family farm in Indiana, the actor readily accepted. There the photographer took the pictures which appear on these pages. They've captured Jimmy in many of his moods. They reveal the humor and warmth which was so much a part of him, and the dark undercurrent of melancholy which James Dean carried with him through all his days.

the photographs of DENNIS STOCK

Jimmy always had a special understanding of children. Here he was explaining a toy auto engine to his cousin.

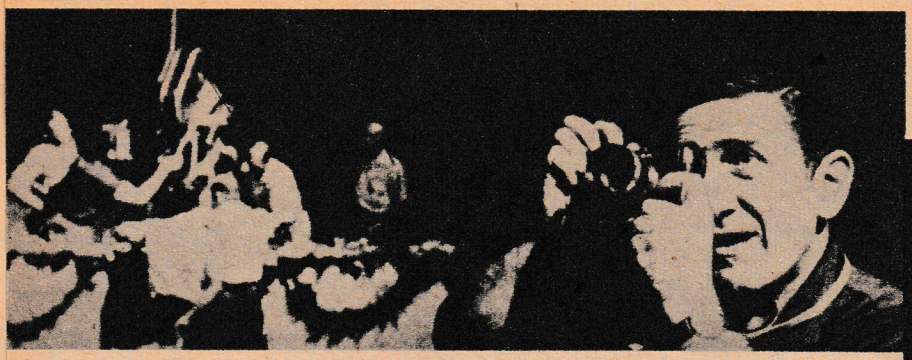


Grandfather Charles Dean recalled stories of Jimmy's boyhood as they sat in the family living room.

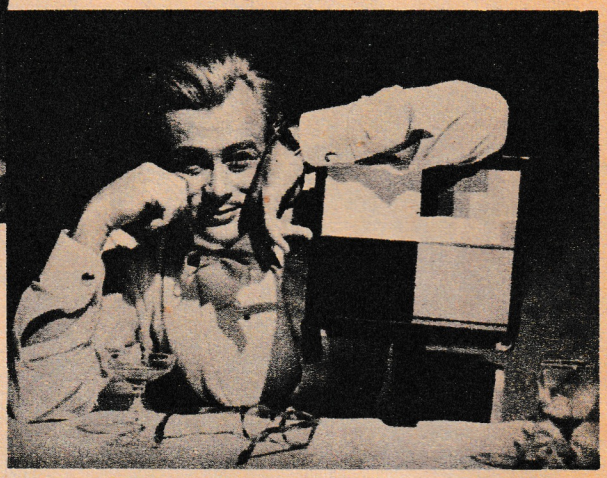


Standing in the field he once worked, Jimmy seemed more like the troubled actor than a simple youth from a midwestern farm.

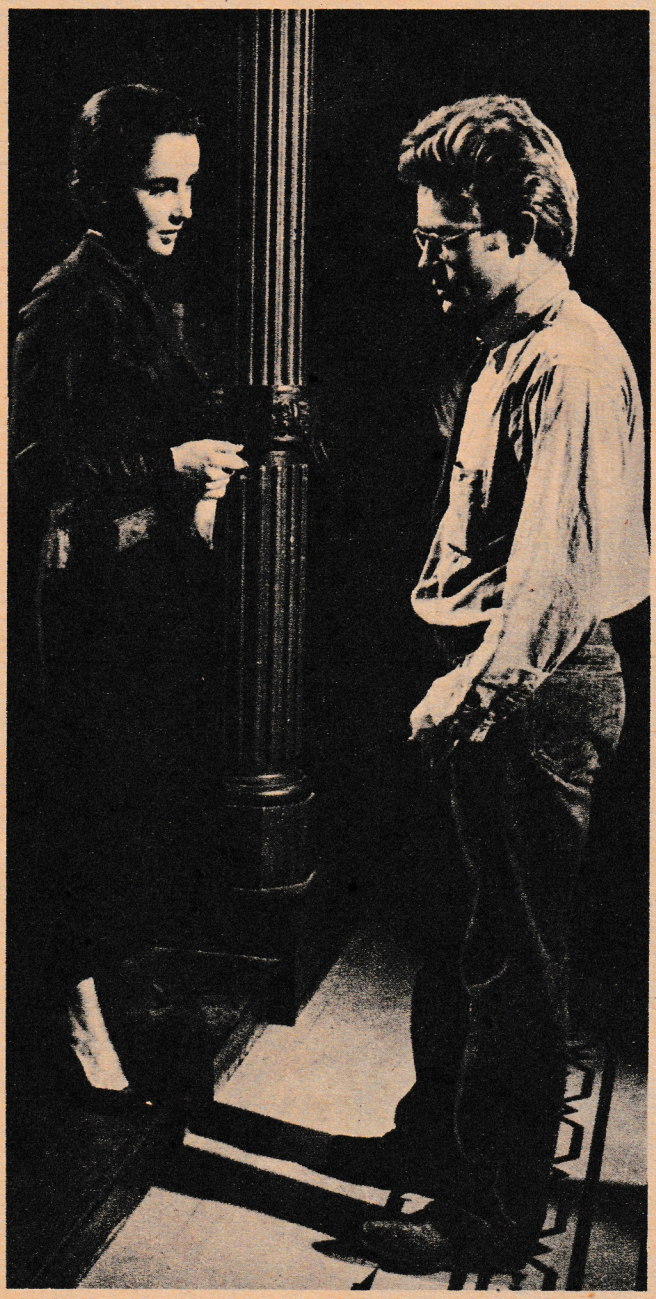
While never enthusiastic about farming, Jimmy always liked animals, Amid his uncle's cows, he seemed almost as contented as they.



Sanford Roth was caught off guard when Jimmy snapped this one.



Jimmy relaxes after completing his greatest performance, the banquet scene in Giant.



Elizabeth Taylor did many scenes like this—some tense, some tender—with Jimmy.

THE ACTOR AT WORK...

the photographs of

SANFORD ROTH

■ "Jimmy's professional life was coming sharply into focus," says Roth, who photographed Dean during *Giant* and was driving behind him on the day of his fatal accident. "Offstage he was still an enigma—or a trial—to more prosaic folk. But a photographer is sometimes allowed a certain insight. Dean has been described as a meteor, a great Dane puppy, a crazy-mixed-up kid, a poet. He was all of these things and—at the same time—none of them. His laugh was a half-silent chuckle, as though he were embarrassed by exuberance. Yet his enthusiasms were huge: they ran through the whole spectrum of human interests from motorcycles to classical music, to jazz, to bullfighting (he practiced with a cape in his home), to cats. He had the austere good sense of an Indiana Quaker (which he was), and the defense mechanism of a turtle. In his case, the shell was his own private world: the music of Bartok and Schönberg, the polished steel innards of his new racing car, the writers he'd recently discovered—Jean Genêt, Curzio Malaparte and Gerald Heard. He had no time for reporters. But at least one, columnist Hedda Hopper,

MORE

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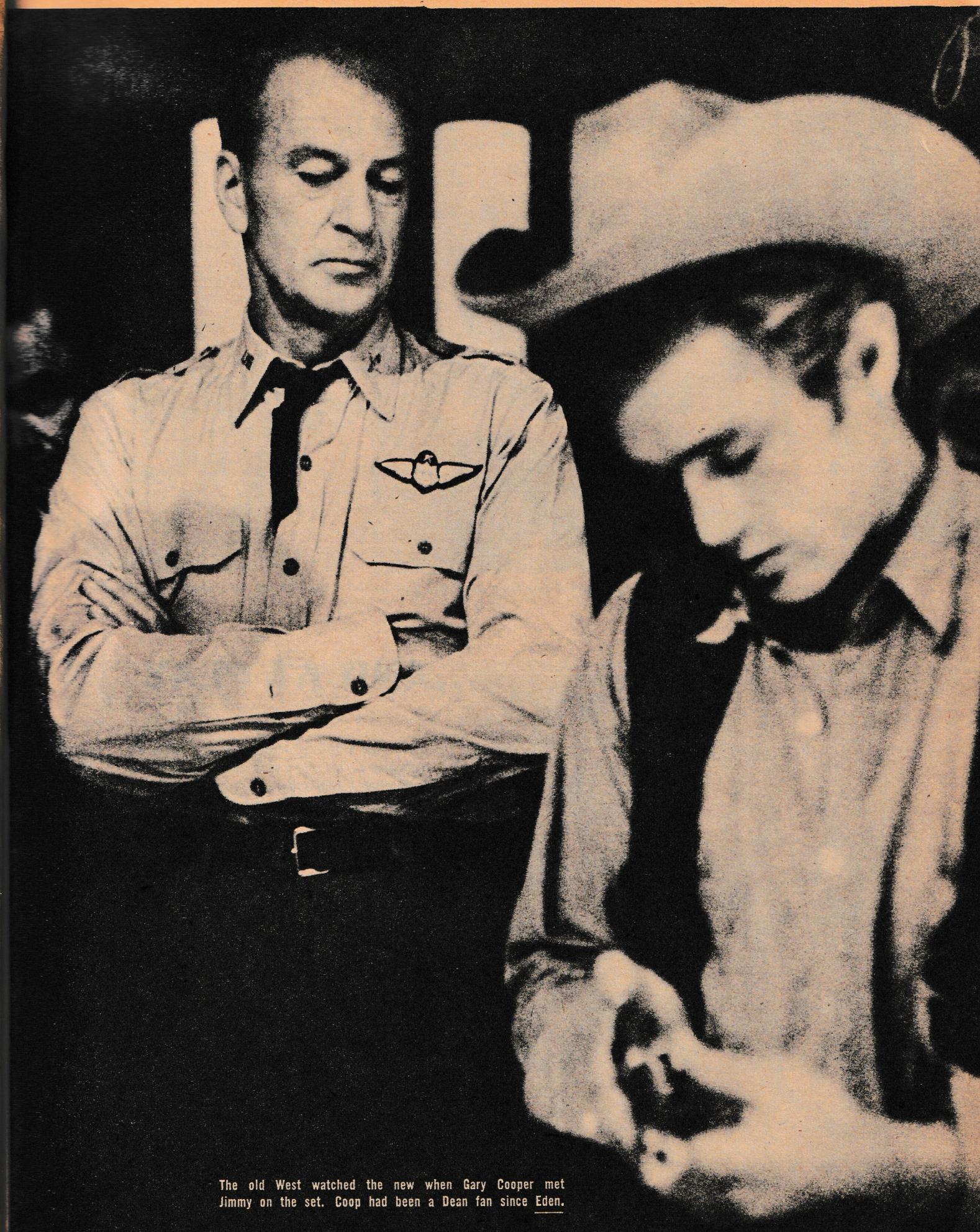


The old West watched the new when Gary Cooper met Jimmy on the set. Coop had been a Dean fan since Eden.

Without any warning, Jimmy laughingly hurled the rope at Roth. Fortunately, the camera was strapped around his neck.

Edna Ferber, author of Giant, *tried her hand at roping.*

...AND AT PLAY

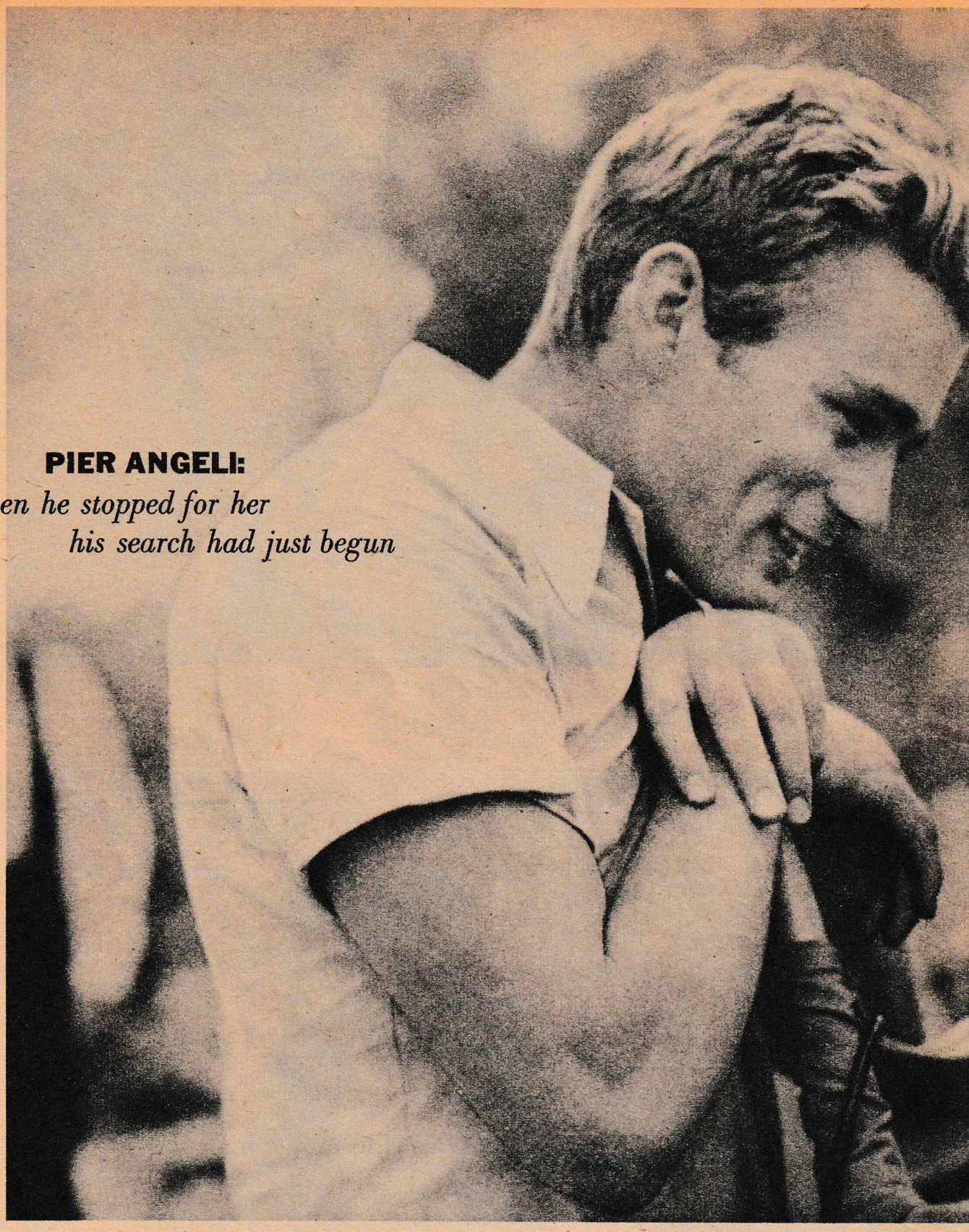
really loved Jimmy, and says, 'He was like quicksilver. He had a sure instinct for drama. Yet, what I remember most is the little-boy quality shining from behind those thick glasses of his.'

"The project of the moment absorbed Dean completely. And he held skill in high esteem. I was talking to him one day about a sculptor I know in Italy—one of the great ones—about his way of working and his philosophy of life. This prompted Jimmy to tell me he, too, was a sculptor, of a very minor grade. He'd had no formal study, but worked with clay, using old toothbrush handles and spoons for tools. He wanted professional advice and criticism, and I suggested he see Pegot Waring, a friend of mine and a fine sculptor. She took him on as a student and was astonished at the ease and agility with which he worked.

"He wanted to walk down the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris, to study sculpture there, to buy crazy sweaters in Capri and to meet Cocteau and Miro. He knew the world was round, but he never stopped trying to prove it to himself."

Liz didn't seem displeased when Jimmy "hog-tied" her in some off-the-set shenanigans.

Jimmy had made the most of his work in Texas. He learned to rope, ride and break calves.



PIER ANGELI:
when he stopped for her
his search had just begun

JIMMY DEAN'S JOURNEY TOWARD A PLACE

CALLED LOVE

■ Jimmy Dean loved only two women, for certain, in his life: his mother and Pier Angeli. He went with Pier a long time before any of his friends believed it was serious. He admitted his love for her on many occasions and, to his intimates, said she was the only woman for him, that she had a "beautiful soul." But after a while, Jimmy realized that this passionate Italian girl wanted to possess him. It was one of the few things in life that frightened Dean. For love requires surrender of oneself to somebody, and he didn't want to belong to anybody. And he said as much. But he continued to see Pier and said, "We'll work something out. . . . But we won't get married."

Pier soon realized that Jimmy meant what he said. He wouldn't marry her. To continue their relationship outside marriage was impossible for the dark-eyed beauty. She could not understand why two people, very much in love, should not be willing to commit themselves to the warmth and security of marriage. If Jimmy was afraid, then there were too many personal problems which he'd have to solve before they could be permanently happy. Besides, Pier had been brought up in a tradition as old as the Colosseum in Rome, and as strict as the laws of her religion. There was pressure from her family and there was doubt in her heart. She told Jimmy that as much as she loved him, it would have to end. Pier Angeli refused to see him any more.

By now, brooding came easy to the disconsolate Dean. He had lived with it since he was nine years old, when his young mother had died of cancer and left her son to be brought up by relatives. The grief had always been with him.

One night, after Jimmy had become good friends with Natalie Wood, he was driving her home. When they arrived, Natalie noticed he had lost the identity bracelet Pier had given to him. They both retraced the route they had taken, trying to find the trinket.

A few days later, Richard Davalos saw Dean and remarked. "Did you lose the bracelet, Jimmy?"

Dean replied cryptically, "No, I lost the giver."

All was love when Pier and Jimmy attended this Hollywood opening.

NATALIE WOOD:

almost a sweetheart ....almost a sister

■ When Natalie Wood told us how she met Jimmy Dean, we decided that here was one story that needed no editing. In her own words, Natalie relates the strange yet meaningful incident which marked the beginning of their friendship. Natalie was neither a sweetheart nor a sister to Jimmy. She was a little of both . . . and something more.

Later in this book, in a revealing story by Nick Adams, you will read how Natalie took the terrible news of Jimmy's crash, and how her great courage allowed her to stifle her grief long enough to meet a responsibility to an audience of forty million Americans.

"The rehearsal for a television play we were in together, was held in an old theatre in downtown Los Angeles, a rarely visited area for film stars. Everyone arrived on time except Jimmy.

"The longer we waited, the more frightened I became. And as I went through the script, I found that he was going to make love to me.

"After a half hour with everyone watching the door for Dean's arrival, Jimmy came in—through a large window of the building.

"He came in and all I could think of was 'He sure knows how to make an entrance!' He was dressed in a dirty torn sport shirt and he had a large safety pin across the front of his pants—jeans, of course. He jumped down to the floor, looked around, picked up a script from the table and sat in a corner. The director said, 'C'mon, Jimmy, sit next to Natalie. You're going to have to make love to this girl.'

"Jimmy didn't even look up. He just grunted. After we rehearsed for a while, Jimmy suddenly got up and came over to sit next to me.

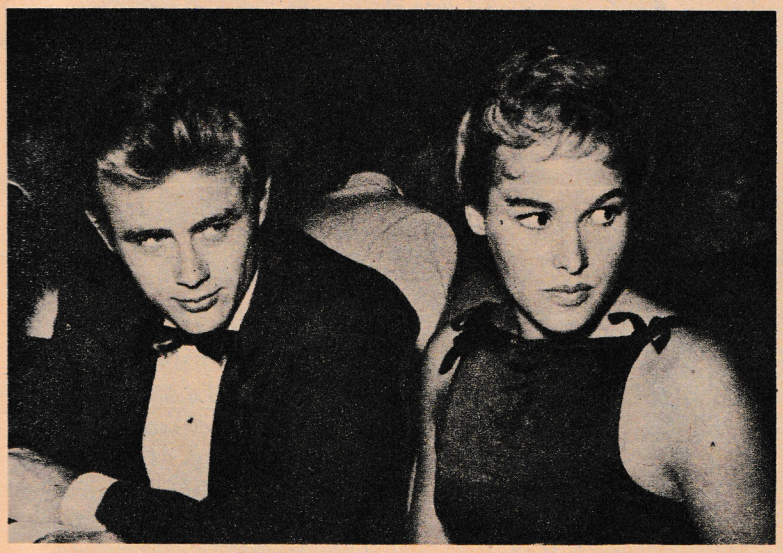
"At noon, we broke for lunch, but since that area of town was strange to us, everyone wandered off in different directions.

"I hadn't gone more than a block when I realized someone was following me. I turned and there was Jimmy. He didn't even look at me but kept walking—right by me. He got ahead of me a little and then turned and said, 'Well, are you coming or not?' We found a little diner and Jimmy was silent for a while and then in the middle of his sandwich he said, 'I know you. You're a child actor.' I said that was true, but it's a lot better than acting like a child. He didn't get it for a moment. Then he started to laugh. Then I started to laugh and that's how our wonderful friendship began."

THE GIRLS WHO FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF LOVE

■ Once a man has stood at the threshold of a great love, it isn't easy to step down to a lot of "little loves." But that's what Jimmy did after the end of the Angeli period. After her, Jimmy had many brief encounters. He was playing it safe, like a man on the run who stops just long enough to catch his breath. Ursula Andress, a lovely German import, brought out the fierceness in Jimmy. Their relationship was one long battle, without defeats, without victories. Lori Nelson was touched by Jimmy's gentleness. His kindness seemed to contradict the exaggerated stories she had heard about him. In Lilli Kardell, he discovered a deepness and tenderness beyond her physical beauty. There were other girls, too numerous to mention. We've interviewed scores of them. Some were just friendships that began and ended on the set, like Liz Taylor and Jane Withers. Some were honest. But others had been hurt too deeply to speak the truth.

There's only one thing we can be sure of. Pier Angeli was the last girl to see Jimmy from more than one angle. Those who followed had to be satisfied with a little piece of a big picture. We offer their statements exactly as they were given to us, and leave it to you to decide which of these women knew Jimmy Dean.



URSULA ANDRESS—*"Like most people from other countries I was bewildered when I arrived in America and even more confused when I came to Hollywood. I could not speak your language and there was so much of America that I could not understand. Everyone was trying to be nice, but no one was helpful. Then I met Jimmy. You know what was the first thing we did? We got into an argument about American music. Only then did I feel American. In Europe a woman does not argue with a man. Jimmy knew this.*

"To learn that Jimmy had died was my first sorrow in America. I have lost a friend. You have lost a wonderful American."

LILLI KARDELL—*"A woman knows when a man is not judging her by her physical appearance alone. She can see it in his eyes. This was the reason I liked Jimmy and is, I'm sure, why it was so easy for women to like him. Only men called Jimmy a nonconformist. But no woman, who knew him, would.*

"The night they told me that Jimmy had died I knew then, as I know now, that life will always be a little lonesome without him."

AND THOSE WHO KEEP HIS MEMORY BRIGHT

LORI NELSON—*"To me, Jimmy was always polite and a little shy. But I was impressed most by his genuine love for animals. Sometimes, watching him stroke a horse's mane, or pat a dog, I felt he possessed that unusual faculty for communicating with animals. You could almost see the mutual trust that existed between them.*

"When Jimmy died, the world lost a man who knew kindness. For that alone we should remember him."

KATY JURADO—*"Jimmy was the strangest actor I've ever known. He was never the same person you left at the last meeting. He'd be different each time. His knowledge of and love for music, sports cars, acting and art was amazing. He knew every little thing. You could not help but love his spirit.*

"When I heard that he had died I thought of many of the young men in my country, Mexico, who cannot resist facing death. They are the matadors. Jimmy understood that bullfighting was not a sport, but an art."

LIZ TAYLOR—*"Jimmy and I became close friends during the filming of* Giant. *I'd heard that he was difficult to work with. I hadn't known him ten minutes when I knew this was not true. Instead Jimmy turned out to be a practical joker, on the set and off.*

"I cannot say what I felt on learning of his death, but all of us treasure his memory."

JANE WITHERS—*"I joined the cast of* Giant *after a long absence from the movies. So much had happened. I wasn't sure I could catch up. Then I met Jimmy. He was the most wonderful tease in the world. And he made me laugh. He must have guessed that laughter was what I needed.*

"Yes, in the tragedy of his death, I find that remembering him still makes me smile. I think that would please him."

Few women understood Jimmy the way Natalie Wood did. Theirs was a perfect friendship in which Jimmy was free of the torments which characterized so many of his relationships.

WE WHO LIVE ON

In Rebel Without A Cause, *Natalie and Jimmy were brought together by a script. In real life, they were two youngsters searching for compassion in each other.*

NICK ADAMS:

"We were all sitting in the China Doll, an Oriental restaurant across from the Warwick Hotel. It was about 8:30 p.m. Sept. 30, 1955. Natalie Wood was with me and there was Richard Davalos and his wife and Sal Mineo.

"I don't know how it happened, but without any warning at all we were talking about Jimmy. The things that made us like him so much. The unusual way he walked. The girls thought he slouched but I said, kiddingly, I thought it was more of a casual crouch. We laughed. Then Natalie said that Jimmy cost Warner Bros. a lot of extra money when they were making *'Rebel'* but, she added, it was worth every cent for the morale of the cast and the crew. She said Jimmy never quit trying to break her up while she was doing a scene. He would suddenly appear out of nowhere, with his glasses on upside down or stretching his mouth in a wild ludicrous smile with his fingers. Well, Nat would just break up.

For the next two hours the conversation veered in other directions, but always it came back to Jim.

"At about 11:30, we left. We were both staying at the Warwick.

"Natalie's room was on the 7th floor. Mine was on the tenth. On the way up Natalie said 'C'mon in and say goodnight to Maggie.' Maggie Waite, from Warner Bros., was Natalie's chaperone on the trip and when we walked in the door I saw Maggie sitting in a big chair. She looked up when we came in and with that soft, wonderful voice of hers said, 'Did you kids have a good time?' But she kept looking at me and didn't smile. Well, Natalie, who is always enthusiastic about everything (she must be the happiest girl in the world), said. 'We sure did, we had more laughs than food. So how's about me making hot chocolate? Nick, want a cup? I know Maggie will have one. So will I.' I said sure, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from Maggie's.

"As Natalie left for the kitchen, Maggie turned to watch her. When she was sure Nat couldn't hear

WE LIVE WITH DEATH

It fills our books, our newspapers,
our movie screens.
We admit that it exists and we forget about it.
We only remember
when it strikes someone we love.
Then an emotion fills us
that no words express.
The world seems empty and crazy.

People who had never met Jimmy Dean felt that way on hearing of his death.
They had spent a few hours
watching him on the screen;
but still they felt that something beautiful and important to them was now forever lost.

Some of us, however, did know Jimmy.
Many claim they were close friends,
but we feel there were
two people who loved, and still love Jimmy
as well as anyone in the world loved him.
Nick Adams and Natalie Wood.
This is Nick Adams' story as he told it to us.
We're printing it word by word.
The feelings are too real to be touched.

she said to me, very low, 'Here, take this, read it, but don't say a word to Nat. She'll be awake all night if she knows, and she's going to need every minute of rest she can get. You'll have to tell her in the morning.' (Natalie was in town for an NBC Spectacular of Heidi which was to be telecast live the next day. It was a big part and she had worked hard to get it right.)

"While she was saying all this Maggie was slipping a folded piece of notepaper into my hand. In my head, I guess, I knew something terrible had happened. And the way Maggie was looking at me I could see that she was fighting desperately to keep from crying.

"I opened the note. It said, 'DON'T SAY ANYTHING TO NATALIE! Jimmy was killed tonight—in an auto accident in California at 5:30 p.m.' Before I knew it Natalie had come through the door. God helped me at that moment. He struck me dumb. I had no feeling at all, like I was in a dream. And Natalie said, 'Hey, what's with you two?' 'C'mon Nick cheer up. Laugh a little. Don't be a deadhead, Adams!' I squeezed that note in my pocket so hard I could feel the nails breaking the skin on my palms.

"I managed to stay about 10 minutes more. The last thing I heard was Natalie singing some little song to Maggie.

"I went up to my room like an automaton. Nothing was registering with me. I went to the window and saw one of those automatic clocks on a nearby building. It showed the time in big lights that changed from number to number as the minutes went by. 12:31 . . . 12:32 . . . 12:33. . . . . I just kept staring at those numbers and I remember thinking that time was going by, minute by minute, but Jimmy didn't know about it anymore . . . Or did he?

"Jimmy is dead . . . Jimmy is dead. . . . That simple sentence went through my head a thousand times and yet it didn't make sense. The next MORE

Always the student, Jimmy often sat in on classes at the Actors' Studio when he was in New York, where director Lee Strasberg was one of his idols.

in New York before Jimmy went to Hollywood. Dean had a walk-on part at the *Actors' Studio*. "Jimmy told me he was just miserable . . . he had a wife and three children and they lived in a hotel on 44th Street and he was so miserable he didn't know what to do . . . I really felt sorry for him . . . then Jim laughed and said it was all just a made up story . . . that he was just acting and he wanted to know if he could be convincing.

"What made Jim so interesting was that he was complex, a combination of good and bad. Sometimes he was very close to you, and other times he would completely ignore you and pretend not to hear and act affected. You never knew if he liked you or not.

"He was ambitious and perhaps a little opportunistic. Yet, he was sensitive and very gentle with children and animals.

"As an actor, he was uncompromising. He wanted to be absolutely real. As a result, he was constantly searching—looking and studying people—their faces, their mannerisms, their walk. He watched and studied so that if he were ever called upon to create such a character, he would know how to do it. He wanted to see and explore and find out about people. Jimmy really enjoyed his work and he was very serious about it . . . He liked talking to and being with cowboys, farmers, bums—anyone from whom he could improve himself as an actor. In the beginning, he studied from books, later his learning became instinctive. But he always had an artistic drive to better himself. One of his projects was to do 'Caligula' by Camus. And another favorite of his was 'Diary of a Thief' by Jean Genet."

When Jack saw him again after his success in *East of Eden*, he was disappointed in that Jim seemed "to have lost interest in his drive." What used to be interest in books was now hunting and sports . . . "But as I pointed out to Jimmy, he didn't need racing as an outlet . . . Jimmy said he didn't do as much as he used to and that he was going to stop this idiocy of speed even though it was exciting." Jack felt that he had changed, also, in that he only saw the phony, ugly parts in people and had become very cutting in his remarks.

"We were watching the rushes of *Giant*, George Stevens, Elizabeth Taylor and others, when the news came of his death. A man came in and told Stevens something and then George just called out 'cut the

rushes.' We asked him what had happened, but he couldn't answer . . . Finally, the man that brought the news told us of the tragedy."

KEN MILES:

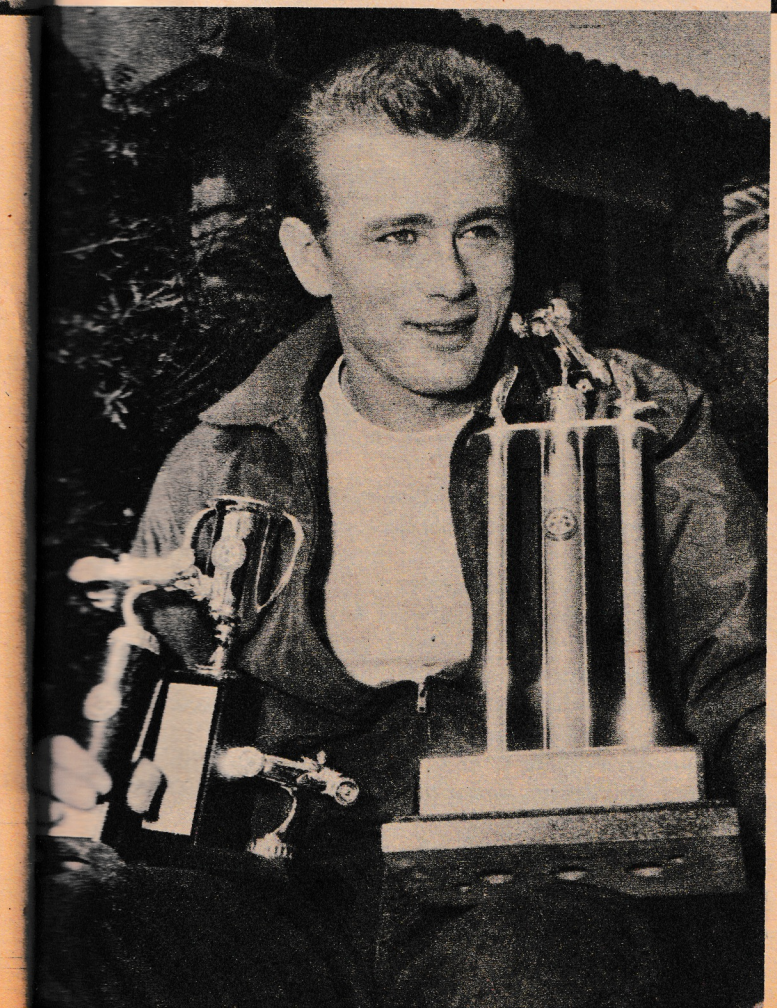
Ken Miles, a small, black-haired man, professional expert on auto mechanics and frequent competitor of Jimmy's in amateur sports car races remembers Jimmy as very much a gentleman, and a gentleman where it really counts.

"Dean might have gone on to become a very good racer. But the odds were against his becoming a great one. I'll tell you why.

"Most people have the idea that sports car racing is principally a matter of speed. It isn't. Speed is a factor, certainly, but this kind of racing is primarily a test of the driver's skill. How cleverly can he maneuver his car at high speed in and out of a pack of other cars, all with drivers, who are attempting to maneuver *their* cars at high speed.

"To win such a race a man must, of necessity, throw away courtesy and any inherent feeling he may have for another driver's safety. This is the risk, a rather strange kind of sportsmanship, that

"Jimmy had a strange smile. It never told you whether he was happy or sad."



Jimmy won a trophy in his very first race. The other two followed in short order.

every racer accepts.

"Dean was always too careful with other drivers. He didn't care about his own neck, but he would not take any risk involving another driver. You can't win races that way.

"Jimmy wanted speed. He wanted his body to hurtle across over the ground, the faster the better. Jimmy was a straightaway driver. His track was the shortest distance between here and there."

LORI MARCH:

Jimmy made strong impressions on people who saw very little of him. Lori March met Jimmy on location in Texas. She was there visiting her husband, Alex Scourby, who was working in Giant *with Jimmy.*

"I was struck by two things: a wonderful sweetness and gentleness and a preoccupation with violence and death." A strange combination. A strange boy.

"One evening after the final shooting of *Giant* in Texas, several friends were seated around a hotel lobby listening to Jimmy relate how he and a few local friends went fox hunting. Throughout the en-

MORE

Pegot Waring believed her student, Jimmy Dean, could have been as great a sculptor as he was an actor.

tire narration, Jimmy seemed so fascinated with killing. He played all the parts (minute in detail)—the hunter and the hunted, like a man obsessed with the idea of destruction. Later he said that within six months he planned to take a minimum of a year off to race cars. This seemed to be in the reckless mood which possessed him that night.

"In appearance, Dean was very unactorish looking as he hid behind his large rimmed glasses. As to his acting, nothing was left to chance. Everything was meticulously prepared, studied, practiced to perfection so that it came naturally.

"He seemed completely without concern. His behavior in the studio was not always model. He sometimes arrived late, presenting no excuse. Jim's conduct was undisciplined sometimes to the degree that he made others uncomfortable. Once he appeared in the commissary without a shirt (which is not standard procedure). A comment from one of the diners was that 'someone should tell him how to behave like a gentleman, but that's just what he wants.'"

EDNA FERBER:

Edna Ferber wrote Giant. *As a great novelist, her opinions on human beings are very much to be respected. On the subject of Jimmy she states:*

"James Dean was a genius. I don't think there's another actor in the world who could have portrayed Jett (in *Giant*) as well as he.

"But like most geniuses, Dean suffered from success poisoning. It's a common ailment with good actors and I'm glad to hear that his friends allowed him that much. He deserved it."

PEGOT WARING:

Sculptress Pegot Waring knew Jimmy as her student. That's often said to be the best way to grow to know a man. She told us:

"Jimmy Dean was brought to me by his friend, Sanford Roth, the photographer. In the beginning it appeared that Jimmy wanted to learn the fine points of sculpturing. I was his teacher for that, but I soon learned that Jimmy possessed the most insatiable thirst for knowledge of any young man I've ever known.

"After his second or third lesson he wanted to hear me explain the technique sculptors used to carve faces in mountains such as Rushmore.

"His quest for artistic truths was frightening. He wanted to know just about every single fact, idea, theory that had been discovered by man clear back to the stone age.

"He was much too suspicious of people, but he had a tremendous respect for any who had knowledge.

"When I was informed that he had died in an auto accident I was not surprised. He was a human rocket who burned so fiercely and brightly that he blinded people. Life wasn't big enough to contain him. If there is a hereafter, James Dean will appreciate the infinity of eternity."

NICK ADAMS:

What do all these vivid yet conflicting memories and opinions add up to? Let's hear from Nick Adams once more on the subject of Jimmy's memory:

"I've tried to understand why, even though Jimmy is dead, there are so many people who feel that he is living. I think the secret is that Jimmy's personality was so strong as to be unforgettable. I know people who have only seen him on the screen, but they were as affected by his character and his attitude toward life as if they had known him. They say that he existed so forcefully that when they heard his name or saw his picture, something inside their hearts and minds would become active.

"If Jimmy is dead, then a small part of each of us has died. And if we mourn for him we will be grieving for ourselves, sorrowing at the death of something that is inside us.

"The real unhappiness is that we know that life will go on without Jimmy, that because we are mortal we will be swept along with the others and get mixed in a thousand tomorrows.

"It isn't so much that Jimmy has left us. It's that we had to leave him behind, still making faces at the world, still wanting to be loved, still inquisitive, still impatient, still yearning for a hundred satisfactions that he can never realize.

"Now all we have to do is look back and we will see him, still restless and a little brooding in one of our happy yesterdays.

"But in time we'll be too far ahead to look back. And then we will have to close our eyes to see him. And hear his voice only in silence."

the accomplishments of James Dean

A MAN IS AS MUCH AS THE THINGS HE CAN DO

the accomplishment of James Dea

Jimmy had great plans for this Bolex and zoom lens, but they never worked out. He was a talented cameraman.

Jimmy insisted on pronouncing it "motor-sickle," and over the years owned seven of them.

He grew interested in the Bongo drum and could tirelessly beat out African rhythms.

■ Ask most actors their hobby and they'll answer, "acting." Jimmy Dean was no exception to that rule. Next he would have said, "girls", and then he'd have probably settled on "just monkeying around." But Jimmy took his hobbies seriously. He would make work into a form of play, and play into a form of work.

Like most boys raised on a farm, Jimmy was interested in guns. He owned a twenty-two and became a crack shot. Speed became important to him, and at sixteen he started riding motorcycles. In all, he owned seven of them.

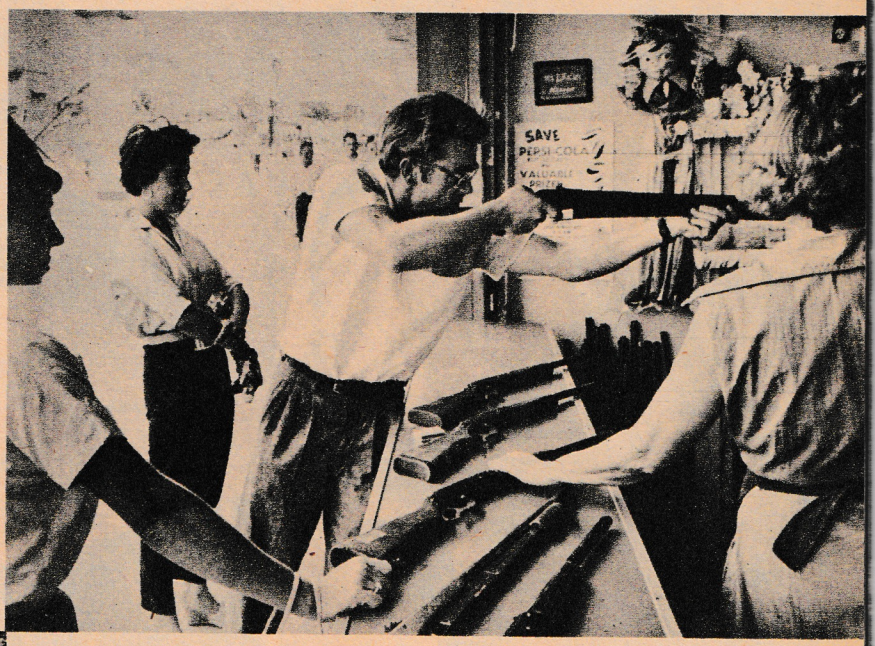
He was an artist whose desire to create went beyond acting. He used still cameras like a professional. His sensitivity to light, shadow and line is particularly clear in the beautiful series of photos he took of Pier Angeli and Julie Harris. They were printed in *Screen Album*, May, 1956.

Pegot Waring on page 28 writes of Jimmy as a sculptor and tells of his insatiable, almost frightening artistic drive. From the time he was a child, he kept scrap books, and he never ceased in his attempt to grasp all truth.

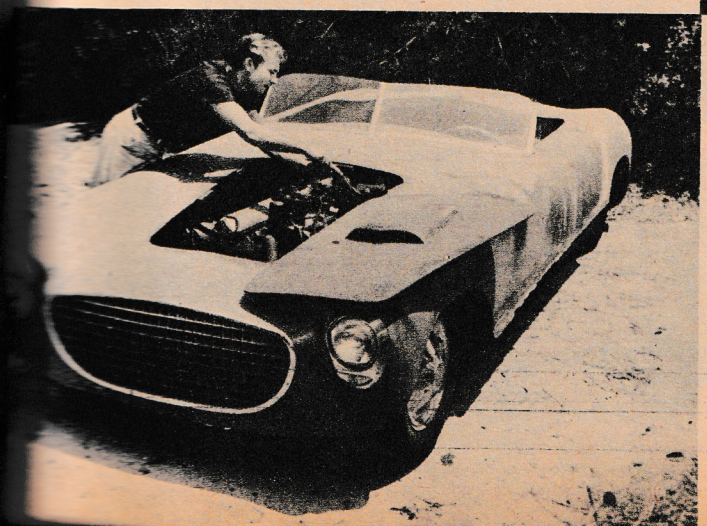
He loved things mechanical. He owned two Porches, a Ford Station Wagon, an English Triumph motor cycle, and an Italian Lancia motor scooter. But since these lacked the personal creative touch, he and Nick Adams started building their own sports car.

Some projects never worked out. Jimmy once bought a Bolex Motion Picture camera and announced that he would film two-reel shorts. But he never did. He owned two tape recorders, an Ektotape and a "VM", plus a tiny, pocket-sized wire recorder on which he wanted to preserve the voices of his relatives in Fairmont, Indiana. Jimmy once said, "I'd need a hundred years to do all the things I want to do." He wasn't given a hundred years, he didn't even have twenty-five. But few men have done so much so well in so short a time.

He made many tape recordings of himself and friends. He'd recite poetry.



He was a fine shot. He'd often wander around his uncle's farm with a twenty-two, but more often would confine his marksmanship to the shooting gallery.



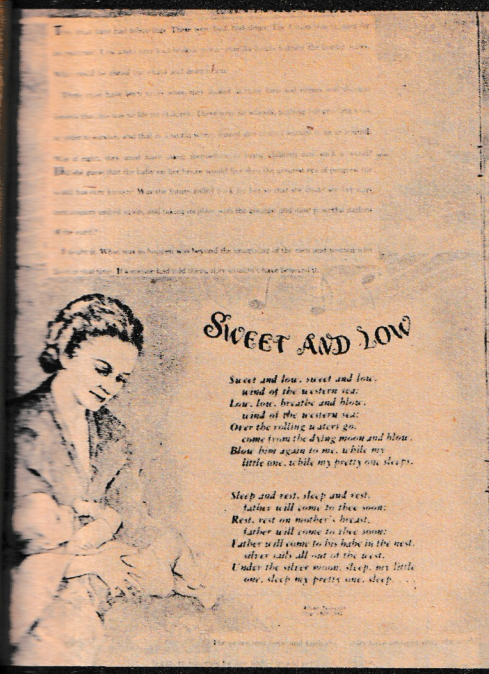
Nick Adams is making an adjustment to the motor of the sports car he and Jimmy built.

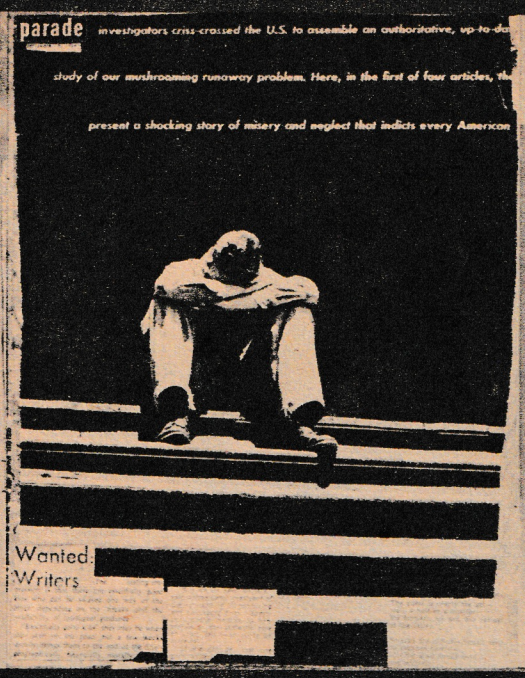
"Nature kindly warps our judgment about children, especially when they are young, when it would be a fatal thing for them if we did not love them. This fond blindness is itself a slavery; a hard slavery, when you think of it, to feel a compulsory and sleepless affection . . ."

Many of Jimmy's scrapbook pages consist of paintings and photographs which he clipped out of magazines and newspapers with poetry or significant text pasted on them. They express his love of children and his sympathy for the lost and lonely. In a way, Jim thought of himself as a lonely child searching for life's meaning in the only way he knew, through love, beauty and art. Whether or not he had found it at the time of his death is not important. What IS significant is that Jimmy never stopped looking.

This painting was one of Jimmy's first attempts to create immortality. The orchid, painted for a teacher in high school, was withering, so he painted it to last forever.

We know what's importa to a man by the things h keeps. Jimmy Dean kept many things . . . . scrap of paper, sketches, new paper articles. When we looked them over we learned a lot of things about Jimmy . . . we think you will too.


SWEET AND LOW
Sweet and low, sweet and low,
wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me, while my
little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
fathers will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon, sleep, my little
one, sleep my pretty one, sleep . . .

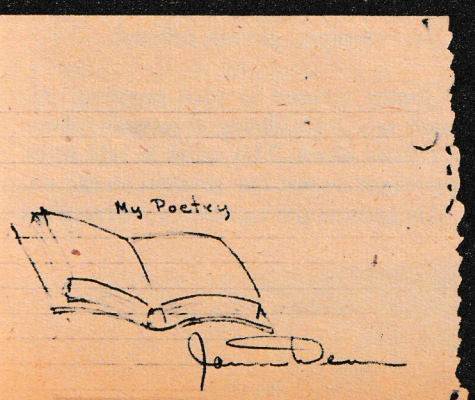

parade
investigators criss-crossed the U.S. to assemble an authoritative, up-to-da
study of our mushrooming runaway problem. Here, in the first of four articles, th
present a shocking story of misery and neglect that indicts every American
Wanted:
Writers

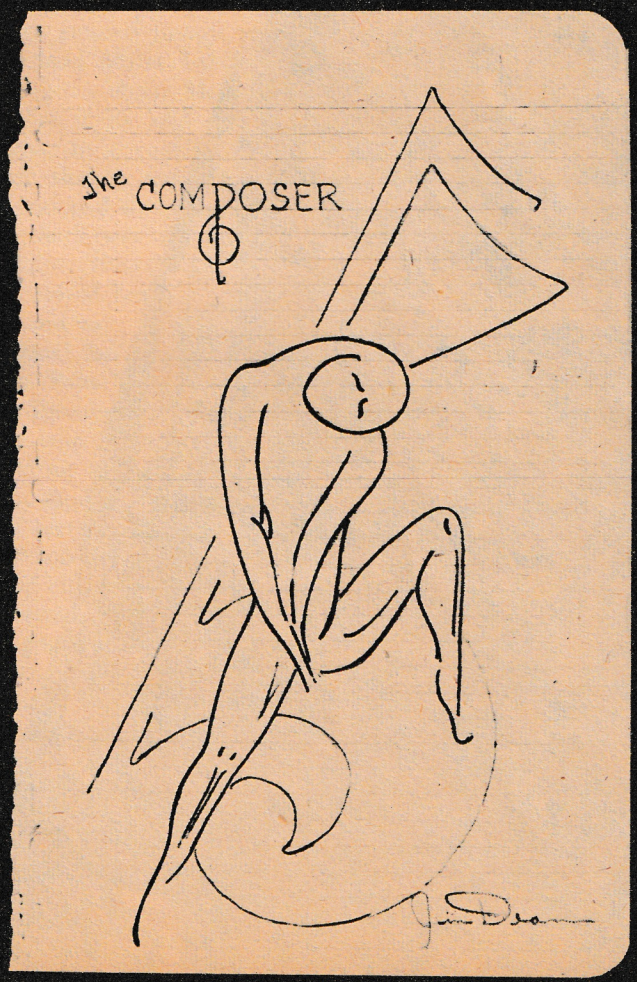
"The peace and hope and faith that babies have brought since the world began recompense for any hardship and peril and heartache." / "Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, / father will come to thee soon; / Rest, rest on mother's breast, / father will come to thee soon; / Father will come to his babe in the nest. . . ."

"The guess is nearly the get—
well, a half or a quarter;
the former's the "yes, but not yet"
of the latter. So take the nibble—though need
be satisfied barely—
of what shall finally feed
you entirely."

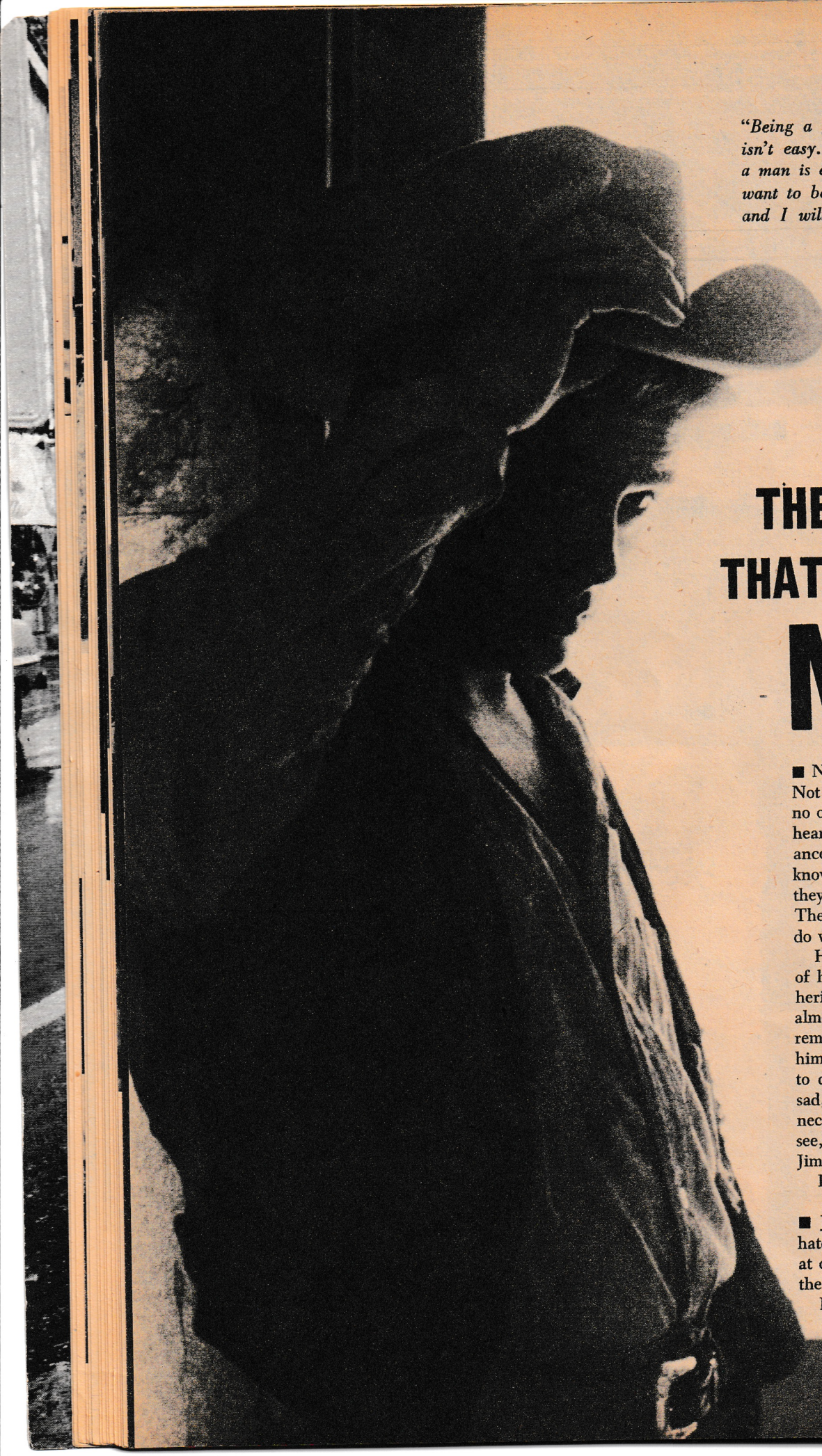
"When he passes thru the gate of adolescence into maturity, from the shelter of your home into the unknown, he'll be strong, confident, and fearless. He'll be kind and generous because he himself is rooted in love and in gentle ways. In short, he'll be the kind of lad you'd like him to be!"

Jimmy's own scrap-books





These two sketches are from Jimmy's notebooks. He signed them both, so he must have felt they expressed something important. So do we.



"Being a good actor isn't easy. Being a man is even harder. I want to be both . . . and I will before I'm done."

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MADE A MYTH

■ No person ever really knows another. Not completely. Sometimes it seems as if no one really even knows himself. We've heard what his friends, his acquaintances, thought about Jimmy; but we know that despite their best intentions they're not telling the complete truth. They can't. They don't know it. Neither do we. Neither did Jimmy.

His work is the main thing we know of him. It has been left to us and is our heritage. But there are other things, some almost trifling, through which we can remember him, and try to understand him. They're the trivial stories of day to day life, when Jimmy was funny, or sad, or even a good healthy pain-in-the-neck to his friends and co-workers. You see, he wasn't Superman. He was just Jimmy Dean.

For example, Jimmy refused. . . .

■ Jimmy refused to plan anything. He hated schedules, being at certain places at certain times. This quirk is said to be the reason he was late so often on the set.

He ignored photographers' instructions

on pictures. He said, "You guys, don't you understand that when you shoot a posed subject, you get a posed picture?" If the photographer would stand back a few feet and make some attempt to be inconspicuous, Jimmy would let him shoot pictures indefinitely. He didn't care when the shutter clicked as long as the shots were candid.

"He was a spontaneous person and he loved spontaneous people," says Hollywood photographer Gene Howard.

Jimmy's trouble with directors, both in television and the movies, was over a thing he called "acting space."

"A director should be an intelligent and competent *guide* for the actor," Jimmy often pointed out to other actors. "When an actor plays a scene exactly the way a director orders, it isn't acting. It's following instruction. Anyone with the physical qualifications can do that. So the director's task is just that, to direct, to point the way. Then the actor must take over. And he must be allowed the space, the freedom, to express himself in the role. Without that space an actor is no more than an unthinking robot with a chestful of push-buttons."

Once when asked what he thought of the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) where he studied drama, Jimmy answered: "Too many directors and not enough actors."

■ Jimmy's favorite drink was milk. Although he would sip Scotch at a party he preferred imported beers such as Tuborg or Guiness.

When ordering beer in restaurants, cautious maitre d's would frequently ask to see his ID card or some other proof that he was 21. Dean would fumble for his wallet, take it out, hold it up high and let it fall open. From it a cascade of cards, passes, etc., would come down like those long, folding postcards. Jimmy would look at the string of cards, then he would say to the maitre d', "Anything there you like?"

■ One of Jimmy's favorite doodles was a sketch, always a bird's-eye view, of himself in a coffin. And he frequently drew skulls and crossbones.

When Bob Francis was killed in the plane crash, he was the second movie star to die in that cycle of three. The following Sunday Jimmy was having his favorite breakfast, steak and scrambled egg (easy), with a friend. The friend was reading the paper and said to Dean, "Well, Francis makes two."

"Don't worry, I'll be the third," Jimmy commented.

A number of unconnected sources claim that Jim, in commenting on life would often say, "Live young, die young and be a good-looking corpse." However, that line, or one very similar to it, is from "Knock On Any Door," directed by Jim's friend, Nick Ray.

One girl to whom he was introduced said, "He was so intense, when you asked him, 'How are you?' . . . he was stuck for an answer."

But Jimmy wasn't always so intense. He was a gagster too, given to constructing elaborate routines to amuse his friends and mystify "squares."

■ Once, during his New York days, while sitting in Cromwell's, a drugstore and actors' hangout, someone came in excitedly and said, "Isn't it great about Biff Elliot! He just got the lead in that Spillane film." It seemed to Jimmy that within seconds everyone in the drugstore had repeated the words, "Isn't it great about Biff Elliot!" Something about this amused Jimmy, so he turned to his friend Marty Landau and said, "Isn't it great about Merv Paine!" He found that if he said it with enough conviction, he'd convince everyone in the store that it really was great, the most wonderful thing in the world. Of course, there was no such person as Merv Paine. Nevertheless, weeks later, Jimmy enjoyed hearing people come up to him and say: "Did you hear about Merv Paine? Isn't it the greatest!"

"Merv Paine" became a watchword between Jimmy and Marty. If Jimmy met someone who he felt was a dead-head, he would say to Marty: "You know, this fellow reminds me of Merv Paine." It was his secret way of saying that the guy was nobody.

Jimmy enjoyed a stunt in which he would walk over a sidewalk grating, make a great "swooshing" sound and lift his overcoat over his head. Marty, who was walking about ten feet behind him, would run up. "Good Grief! What was that?" Marty would scream. "I don't know! I don't know!" Jimmy would cry. "It came from down there. I think something's about to explode." When a sufficiently huge crowd had gathered and the braver ones were trying to work up their nerve to approach the grating, Jimmy and Marty would steal away, cross the street and watch the excitement from there. "Some bunch, aren't they?" Jimmy would say, smiling broadly.

"the actor must take over"

The boys, for some reason, spent a great deal of time at an ice skating rink, just standing and cheering on an inexpressibly bad skater. Nevertheless she was a young lady of extraordinarily good looks, and every time she skated by on her ankles the boys would break into raucous cheers and applause. She obviously liked it, since she continued to return nightly for six months. Her skating never improved, nor did she ever meet her admirers.

■ Jimmy was a very impatient man. Desire sprang in his breast quickly and whenever such hot "wants" developed he would neglect everything else—his work, his appointments. Nothing mattered for the moment except the satisfaction of the yearning.

On a visit to Photographer Sanford Roth's home a few months before his death, he became fascinated with Mrs. Roth's wide knowledge of cats. Jimmy said he'd like to have a cat. Mrs. Roth recommended a Siamese or a Burmese breed. From the pictures, Jimmy decided it was a Burmese he wanted.

"Where do they sell them?" he asked.

"In Idlewyld," answered Mrs. Roth. (Idlewyld is near San Bernardino, about 80 miles from Hollywood.)

"Let's go get one," said Jimmy.

"Now?" said Mrs. Roth.

"Now!" said Jimmy. It was difficult to talk him out of it.

MORE

He was like this about food, women, books, cars.

Liz Taylor heard that Jimmy wanted a cat. As a gift she sent him a Siamese kitten which he named "Marcus", after his uncle.

Later Jimmy mentioned to friends that he never realized what responsibility a person took when they gave a home to an animal. He gave "Marcus" a great deal of time and attention.

One week before his death, for some reason which no one can explain, Jimmy gave the cat to his last girl friend, Jeanette Miller.

the trappings of fame

"Marcus" disappeared the day Jimmy was killed and has not been seen since.

■ It can't be said that Jimmy loved all aspects of fame. He didn't. He was an artist, a serious one who found the trappings of fame an intense nuisance. Once in the Warner Brothers commissary, while paying his lunch check, he saw a framed photo of himself hanging on the wall. He stepped back a few paces, put his hands on his hips, and angrily said, "I told them I didn't want this stuff! I told them no pictures on walls! No pictures of me anyplace! Can't they understand? I don't want it!"

Then he reached up and tore the picture from the wall, threw it on the floor and walked out.

■ In the beginning Jimmy idolized Brando. While Marlon was making "Desiree" Jimmy used to sneak onto the lot, stand off in a darkened corner and watch Brando act.

One day Brando saw him, walked over and looked at him for a moment and said, "'Whyn't wear sumpin' else sides last year's suit?" Jimmy was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. Jimmy changed about Brando after that, but he still thought Brando was a great actor.

■ Jimmy never used ash trays. He always stood his lighted cigaret on its end on a table, anyplace. It was a funny sight: Jimmy carefully picking up a cigaret with an especially long ash and then, balancing it like a juggler trying to make the nearest fireplace or wastebasket, etc. He got to be pretty good at it.

■ His last house in Sherman Oaks, California, could be called a hunting lodge. It was basically a large living room, with a small kitchen attached. No bedrooms. On the north side of the living room the staircase rose to a balcony which runs the length of the room. On the balcony Jimmy had a cot on which he slept. He installed a hi-fi set, which featured two gigantic cone-shaped speakers. They dangled awkwardly from the ceiling, bumping the heads of tall visitors. But the music, alway ear-blastingly loud, soothed him. Jimmy cooked for himself and guests. In the refrigerator were hams his uncle sent him from the Indiana farm. In the cellar he was building himself a den.

■ While making "Rebel," a motorcycle ridden by a "wise guy" extra, roared through a crowd of cast and crew members who were gathered around eating their lunch.

Jimmy jumped up and said to a friend, "Let's plug Bud's (Brando's) picture." Then Jimmy hollered in a loud voice, "There goes one of the Wild Ones, folks!"

Nick Adams jumped up and started to imitate Brando. Jimmy imitated Elia "Gadge" Kazan who directed "The Wild Ones."

"Down on your knees, Bud," Jimmy said to Nick. Nick fell down and looked with wide, scared eyes at Dean.

"Y-y-y-es, Gadge," whimpered Nick.

"Now Bud," says Jimmy, "I wantcha tear that grass—tear it out—out by the roots! You hate that grass, Bud! Tear it up! Tear it up!"

Like a madman Nick tears up the grass.

Jimmy and Nick kept it up for fifteen minutes without repeating themselves. The cast and crew were in hysterics. Tears of laughter were in everyone's eyes.

That's how Jimmy's plan to do a Vega night club act, with Nick, based on tha impromptu skit, got started.

■ He preferred a small Hollywoo restaurant called the Villa Capri. He wa a member of the Holmby Hills Rat Pacl composed of Sinatra, Johnny Green, Bo gart, Bacall, Luft and Garland, who use to gather there. He would drink Scotc and water slowly, puffing kingsiz Chesterfield cigarettes . . . and he usu ally had wine with dinner.

He used no starch in his shirts . .

■ Some months before he made "Ea of Eden" Jimmy was called and told t report for a minor part in a televisio commercial.

That night he got caught in a heav rain. By the time he got back to h room, his shoes and socks were soake He put the shoes on a radiator and fe asleep. When he awoke the shoes wer so scorched and shriveled they wouldn fit him.

He had about ten minutes to get t the studio.

He arrived barefooted. Someone sai "Why didn't you wear the socks, at least?

He said, "What the hell good are socl without shoes?"

That incident was the very first tim he did anything in his professional li that was unusual. He was immediate labeled a "weirdie."

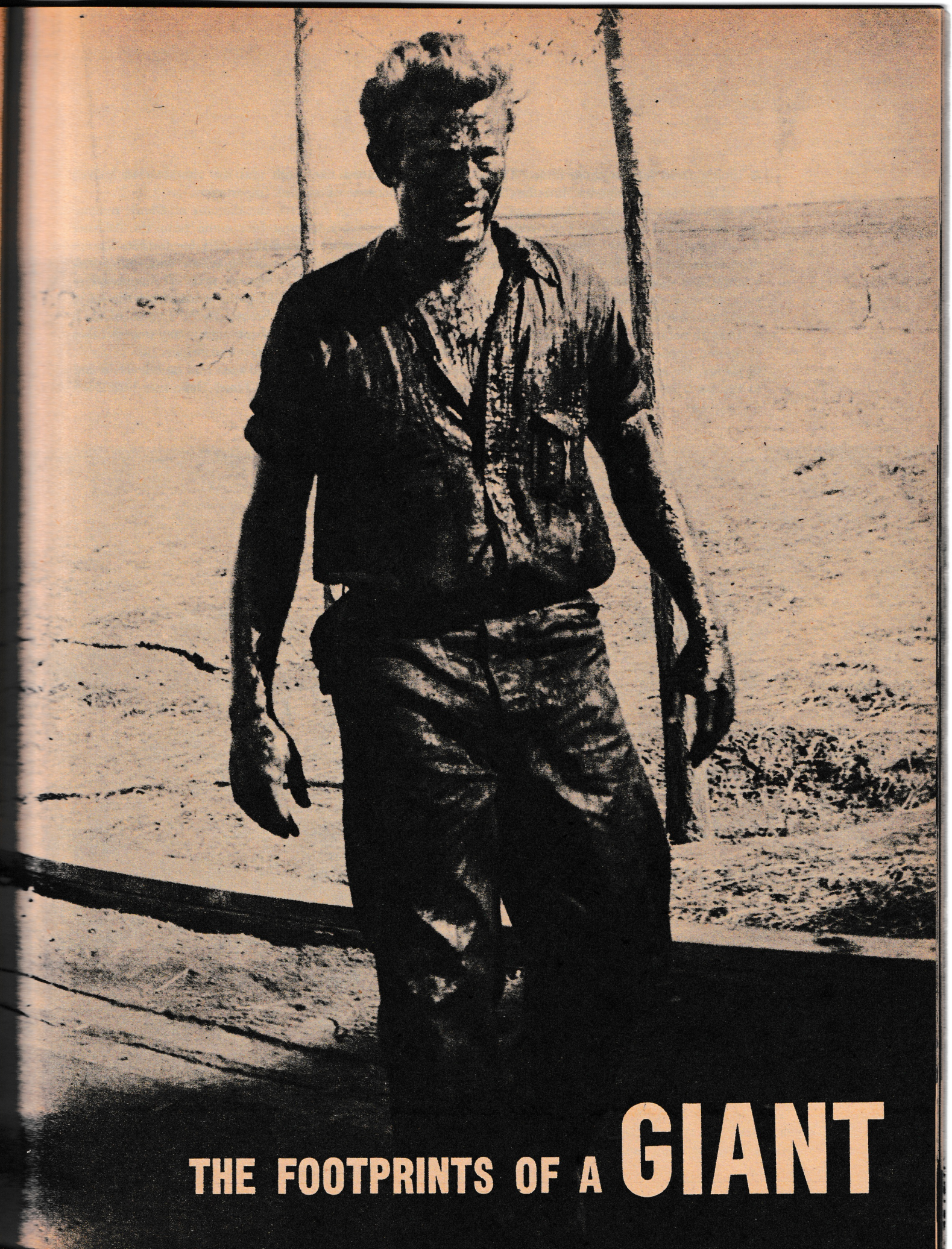
■ When the cast and crew returne from shooting "Giant" in Texas, the were many weeks of shooting interio and more exteriors in Hollywood. Jimm was in most of them. Without notifyin the studio executives, he managed t live in his dressing room. (Studios don allow stars to do this because it raise their insurance rates.)

Jimmy got away with it for a lon time until one night he came roarin through the studio gates in his Porsch

Then he was stopped by a man wh said, "What are you doing in here this time of night?"

Jimmy said, "I live here with pro ably more rights than you have. Don you know who I am? My name is Jam Dean."

"I don't care who you are," the ma answered. "Get off this lot immediat ly and don't come back unless you' working. My name is Jack Warner."



THE FOOTPRINTS OF A GIANT

■ Jimmy Dean left us three films. That's not a lot. They were not classics, but they were good attempts. They somehow lacked scope and cohesion, and varied in quality from scene to scene. But they did make their point. *Eden* and *Rebel* were unforgettable. They had a strange disturbing quality that made them real and kept them in your mind even when you preferred to think about more cheerful subjects.

That these films achieved such a tremendous emotional impact, we attribute, to a large degree, to Jimmy. He added so much of his own intensity to the parts he played, that the words he spoke sounded like truth and the character he played became of violent importance.

George Stevens, the director of *Giant*, remembers when Jimmy first came onto the Warner Brothers lot to make *East of Eden* for Elia Kazan. "He was a reticent young fellow who didn't look for friends," Mr. Stevens says. "I happened to have my office on the path he trod from the set to his dressing room. Frequently he'd come in for a chat. We talked about acting and many other subjects. I grew to know and respect him.

"Months prior I had seen him on television and had written the name James Dean in a little book

Jett Rink was a small man with an idea big enough to make a

GIANT

Alone and bitter, all Jett had was a dream . . . and the will to drag a fortune from the Texas earth. He'd dig for it with his hands if he had to.

in which I keep notes. On only one other occasion have I written a name in the book after watching a television program.

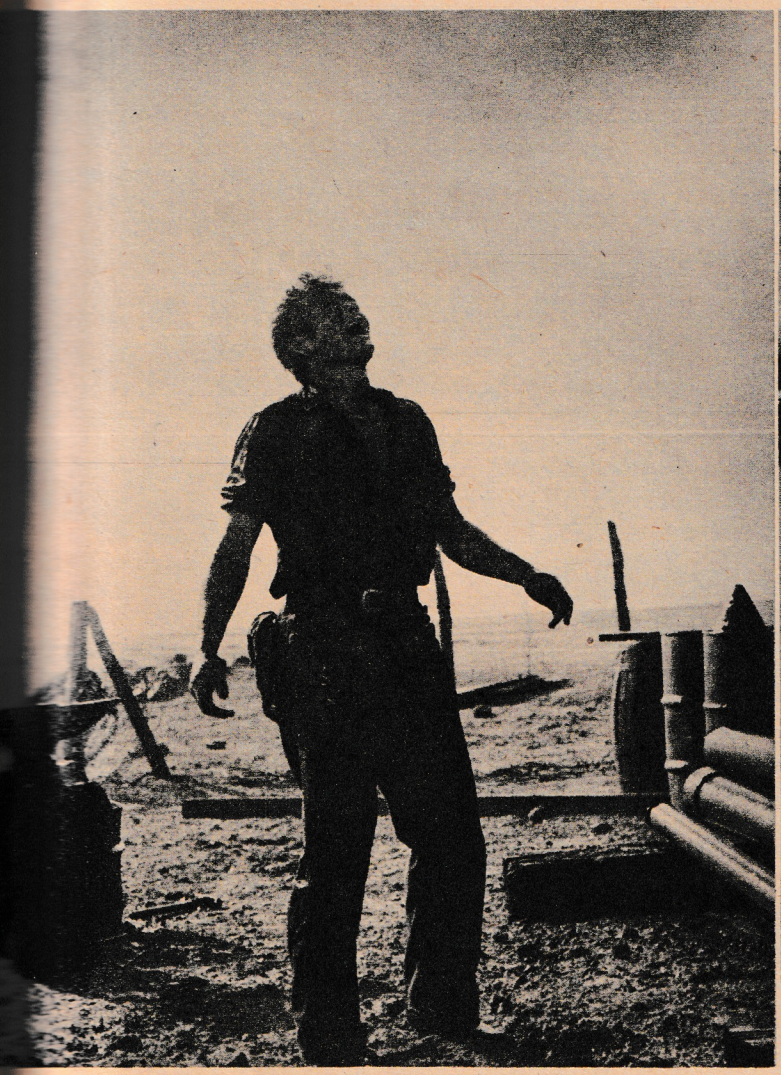
"One day I handed Jimmy a script of *Giant*. We'd been thinking of all the big name actors in town, but somehow I had a hunch that Jimmy was the actor to portray Jett Rink, the Texas ranch hand who becomes an oil millionaire.

" 'I'd like you to read this. Maybe you're the kind of fellow to play Jett. Maybe not. See what you think,' I said. The next day he wandered back into my office and in his laconic way said just two words. 'That's me.' We shook hands and I knew for sure Jimmy Dean would make this part great."

For this film, all stops were pulled. It was to be as big as all Texas, as rich as oil, and as important as the difference between love and hate. The cast they assembled was high powered: Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson had the leads. They used professionals like Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, and Chill Wills. Carroll Baker, a girl fully expected to end up a top star, was cast, as was Alex Scourby, a top-drawer Broadway actor.

Money was to be no object. They would build their own mansions, erect their own oil derricks

MORE



With his first oil strike, the violent Texan knew he was on the way to fabulous riches . . . and the power to battle his enemies.

Enraged, covered with oil from head to foot, Jett cried his terrible defiance to the hostile world. No one could keep him from his goal again.

capable of pumping thousands of gallons of fake oil per minute. For cattle roundups they would use over four thousand head of Texas' finest.

The book was by Edna Ferber, who wrote *Show Boat, Saratoga Trunk, Stage Door*, but considered this one of her finest.

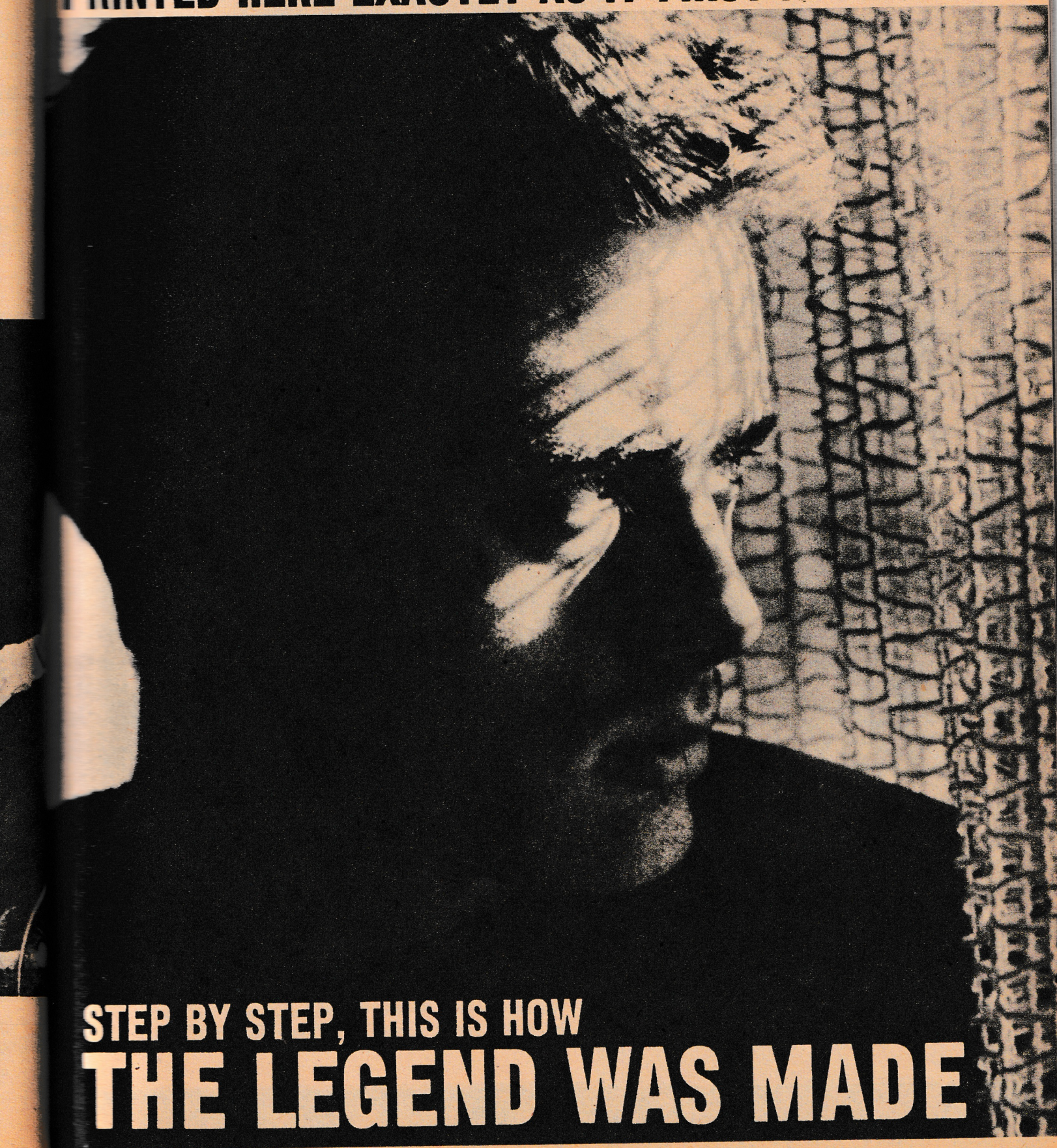
It is the story of Jett Rink, a violent young ranch hand who inherits a small piece of land and dreams of the day he will make his fortune in oil. A self appointed outcast, he is in continual conflict with Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) owner of a half million acre cattle ranch. Over the years, Bick and his wife Leslie (Liz Taylor) raise a family, while Jett builds his wealth and holdings to fantastic proportions. During World War II, at the opening of a new hotel owned by Jett, Bick discovers his daughter is the queen of Jett's spectacular parade. When Bick challenges him to a fight outside, he realizes that Jett is too drunk to stand up. Bick leaves him in disgust. Later, in the famous banquet scene, Jett passes out cold on the speakers' dais before he can make his speech. He revives long enough to deliver a monologue to an emptied room . . . a sad spectacle of a rich but lonely man.

This was Jimmy's opportunity to show himself as something more than a personality. This was to be his bid for greatness. As it turned out, it was his last chance. He took it, and if Jimmy Dean had given the world nothing else, it would remember him for his creation of Jett Rink.

It is small consolation to us that this, Jimmy's final film, turned out to be his finest. It only makes his loss more tragic. But we are left with the fact that once a giant walked in our land. He left his footprints. He left his memory.

With director George Stevens, Jimmy rehearses for his greatest moment . . . the banquet scene. Only twenty-four when he took the part, Jimmy had to portray a man near fifty.

PART 2 DELL'S RECORD OF JIM'S CAREER, PRINTED HERE EXACTLY AS IT FIRST APPEARED



STEP BY STEP, THIS IS HOW
THE LEGEND WAS MADE

Roy Schatt

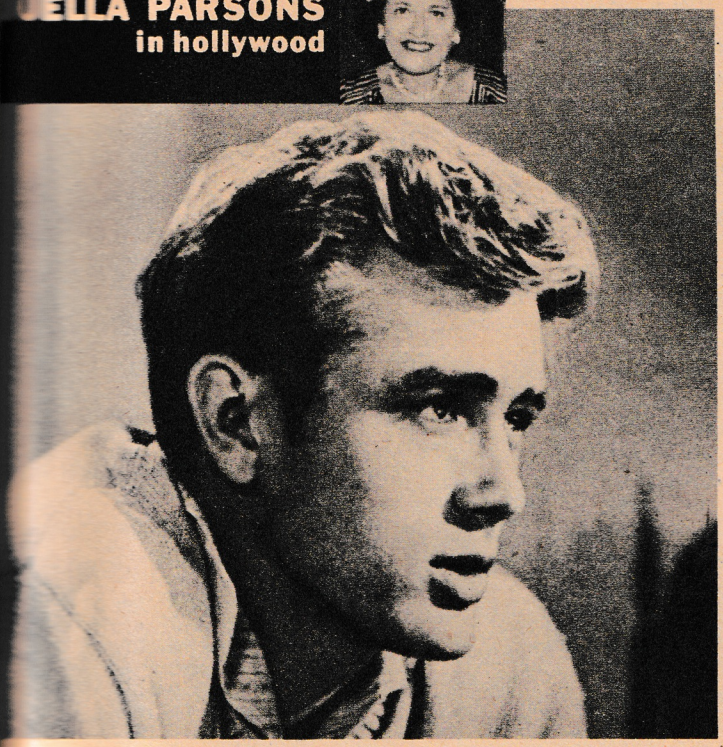
new faces

james dean

born: in Fairmount, Indiana
formerly: stage actor
eye-appeal: 5'10", 155 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair.

■ When James Dean was given the starring role in Elia Kazan's *East of Eden* he swore he wouldn't become a "Hollywood character." If *not* becoming a character means buying a Palomino the first week in town, running around in a beat-up leather jacket and blue jeans, driving a souped-up MG, insulting Hedda Hopper and playing the bongo-drums at 3 a.m. then Jimmy is sticking to his vows. Orphaned as a baby and raised on a farm by an aunt and uncle, he dabbed in academic dramatics for two years at U.C.L.A. At the advice of James Whitmore he went to New York and made his stage debut in *See The Jaguar*. A role in *The Immoralist* led to films.

ELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



I nominate for stardom: JAMES DEAN

This twenty-three-year-old actor from Broadway, I guarantee you, will be the rave of the season after he is seen in *East Of Eden*.

You probably place young Dean as the actor Pier Angeli was supposedly madly in love with just before she announced her engagement to Vic Damone.

Dean has had much publicity about being "another Marlon Brando," the sweatshirt, motorcycle-riding, grumpy young sophisticate in tennis shoes.

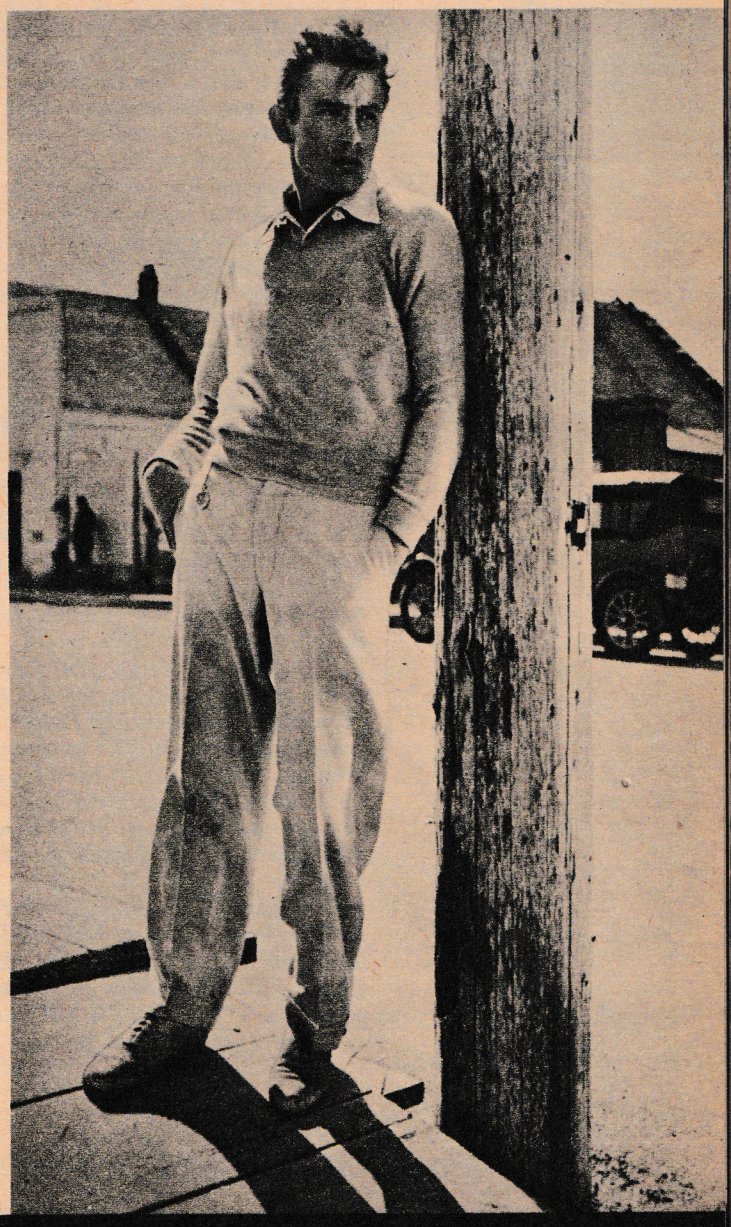
It's true that his off-screen behavior seems to be a sort of cross between Brando and Montgomery Clift. But, it isn't really important how he behaves off screen (that is, if it's nothing disgraceful).

It is what James projects *on the screen* that makes him my pick among the new actors for stardom in 1955. He is a *great* young actor.

Before a Warner Brothers scout discovered him in *The Immoralist* on the New York stage, James had been just a kid struggling for a break and accepting what bits were handed out to him on TV or radio. His performance in *The Immoralist* was so telling that he won the Antoinette Perry award for the best supporting actor on Broadway.

He was born in Fairmount, Indiana, a blond boy with intense blue eyes. I predict a long and brilliant career for this screen newcomer. (Now come on, young Mr. Dean, how about forgetting the Brando bit?)

JAMES DEAN: This boy would rather race through the streets in a sports car all by himself than stroll down a lovers' lane with the prettiest girl in the world. Fact is that Warners has been having fits over their newest star's predilection for racing cars, and is secretly delighted that his pet machine caught fire and burned up. Any affection Dean has left over after he's been through admiring oil filters he's been spending on Marilyn Morrison, Louise De Carlo, Lili Kardell and Marisa Pavan. Jim's due to be drafted any day now.



■ Several weeks ago Warner Brothers tossed a press party to announce the production start of *Giant,* starring Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson and James Dean.

The shindig was held at the studio, and unlike any of the other principals, Jimmy Dean arrived late. He wore blue jeans and an old red flannel shirt. When the producer introduced him to the audience, Jim refused to rise or smile, or even acknowledge the applause. Moodily he sat in his seat, stared at his boots. When a photographer came close to photograph him, he quickly put on his dark sun glasses.

"Would you be kind enough to remove your glasses, Mr. Dean?" the photographer asked.

Jimmy made out as if he didn't hear.

"Why don't you give the guy a break?" a reporter asked the twenty-four-year-old acting genius from Fairmount, Indiana. "After all, he's got a job to do."

Dean shook his head. "I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that I've got bags under my eyes, and I need a shave."

In another corner of the room, a studio representative, watching the entire scene, muttered under his breath. "That's typical of the guy. I hope the Army drafts him and teaches him a little cooperation."

Jimmy is not particularly well-liked by some of his studio colleagues these days, because he refuses to show up for interviews, declines to be photographed, breaks appointments with reckless abandon and insists upon keeping his private life private.

"Maybe publicity *is* important," he admits. "But I just can't make it, can't get with it. I've been told by a lot of guys the way it works. The newspapers give you a big build-up. Something happens, they tear you down. Who needs it? What counts to the artist is performance not publicity. Guys who don't know me, already they've typed me as an odd ball."

So, too, as a matter of fact, have a lot of Hollywood girls who've met Jimmy at various private parties.

One young actress, who prefers to be nameless, tells about the recent time Dean came to a bongo-drum "kick" with his girl friend Lilli Kardell.

"After we were introduced," she recalls, "I said, just by way of starting a polite conversation, 'You're getting a lot of good publicity these days, all about your wonderful performance in *East Of Eden.*' His answer to that was, 'Most of it is a bunch of ———.' Only he didn't put it that delicately.

"I don't know," this actress continues, "whether he was trying to compensate for his shyness or what. He certainly is not typical of Hollywood actors. He will come into a room and for twenty or thirty minutes he'll say nothing. He won't even open his mouth. Then, mention something about drums or acting or bull fighting, and you can't stop him. He talks on and on with great power and intelligence. He's a strange one, all right."

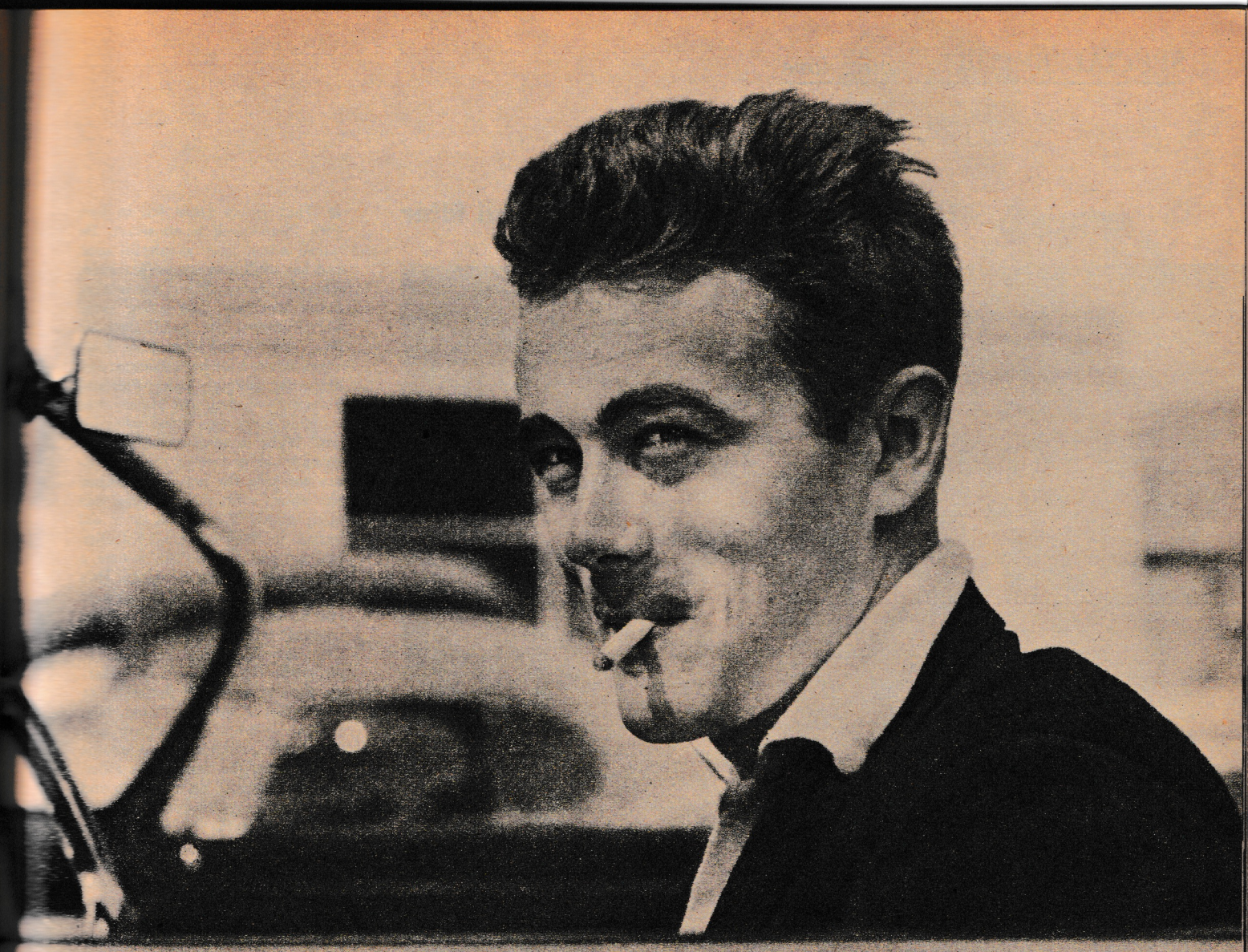
Lilli Kardell, the nineteen-year-old Swedish actress, once under contract to Universal-International, has dated Dean more than any other girl in movieland. Although she declines to use the word love, she admits she's "gone" on the little guy.

"Jimmy," she explains in her (*Cont'd on pages 70-74*)

Daredevil Dean is hell on wheels. Racing his Porsche in local meets, he wins handily at 120 mph plus, earns the respect of racing pros but the word around the studio is "that crazy kid is going to kill himself."

James Byron Dean is a free-wheeling individualist who breaks all the

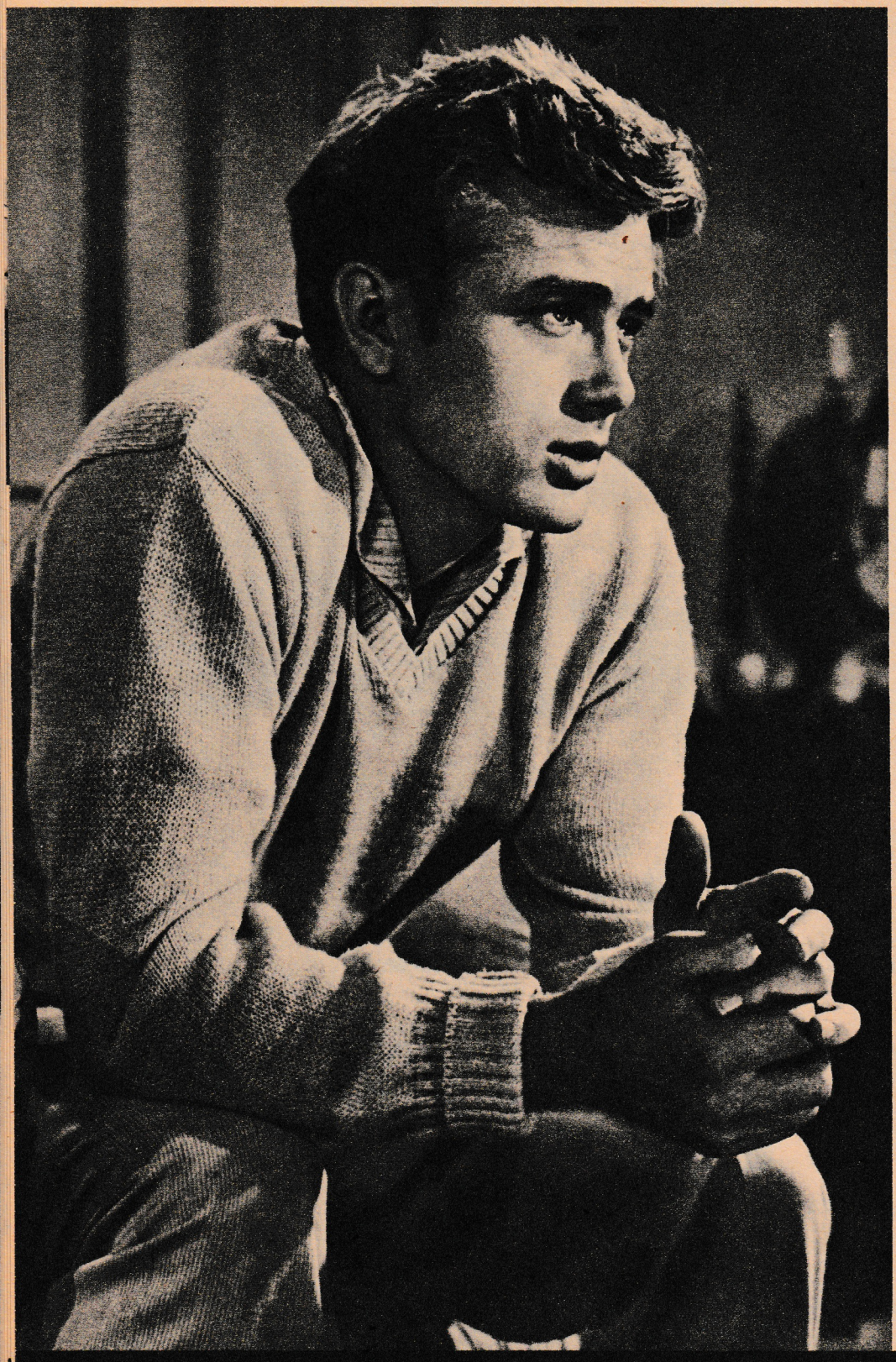
TALES OF A STRANGE AND POWERFUL FIGURE



LONE WOLF

rules except one—he travels fastest who travels alone / by Richard Moore

to repair a battered heart—an oil filter



■ That James Dean fell in love with Pier Angeli is no secret. He talked about "her wonderful soul, and her soulful eyes, and her overwhelming beauty." But her mother didn't like him, and along came Vic Damone, "a good Catholic boy," which was what Mrs. Pierangeli wanted for her daughter, and first thing anybody knew, Pier and Vic were engaged, and Jimmy was standing there wondering what hit him. While love was banging him around, one or two of the columnists got into the act and knocked him about a bit too. Mention was made of his "boots and dirty old leather jacket." Dorothy Kilgallen said he was "bound to become a big star—and a big headache. He's already acting as if he'd won next year's Academy Award, and he probably will." Louis Sobol quoted Dean as having said, "I am not disturbed by the comparison to Marlon Brando, nor am I flattered," to which Sobol added, "Dear boy, neither is Brando." Jimmy's pals claim he's a complete individualist who'd rather die than ape another, but the similarity between him and the old Marlon Brando is nothing short of remarkable. He rides a motorcycle, plays bongo drums, prefers New York to Hollywood ("people leave you alone") and even goes to Marlon's psychiatrist. He also avoids the public eye, and explained why he left New York before the premiere of *East of Eden* by saying, "Oh, that'd be a drag, man, having everybody telling me how sensational I am!" Jimmy's now working in Warners *Rebel Without a Cause,* and after he appears in *Giant* (his next) he'll go to MGM for a real plum, the life story of fighter Rocky Graziano. Again, it's shades of Brando, for wasn't Graziano the very man whom Marlon shadowed for weeks, learning how he spoke, how he walked, how he thought before he, Marlon, tackled his part on a TV show, and later put to good use in *Waterfront?* Anyway, Jimmy's working, reading a book called "How to Build Character," studying ballet and bullfighting, and dating a television star called Vampira, an American actress named Julie Robinson, and a Swedish actress named Lilli Kardell. If there's to be a race in matters of this man's heart, we'll give the inside track to Lilli. She gave him an oil filter for his new sports car!

A HEART THAT STALKED IN DARKNESS

the secret love that haunts jimmy dean

Her name is Lili Kardell. Not so long ago, when no one else cared, Lili and Jimmy fell in love

by IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Now that James Dean is Somebody in Hollywood, everything about him has become newsworthy. Nationally syndicated columns made note of his daily habits, his moods, his current companions. A girl he dated once was interviewed about him for newspapers throughout the country. But not so long ago, Dean was Nobody anywhere. Last October, he was just an obscure young actor lately arrived in Hollywood to make his first movie. Because Pier Angeli was interested in him, a few photographers snapped pictures of them together, but for all that, Jimmy Dean was just one of the anonymous, hopeful faces that make up the Hollywood landscape. It was then that he met Lili Kardell. She was another young hopeful. Both she and Jimmy were under contract to agent Dick Clayton. He introduced his protegés to each other. Right away, it clicked. Lili is a nineteen-year-old beauty with soft blonde hair and big blue eyes. She stands five feet, four and one-half inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has a figure that offers the best of Marilyn Monroe and Anita Ekberg combined. Her (*Continued on pages 70-74*)

HE WAS CRUEL AND WILD BECAUSE HE KNEW HIS FATHER

EAST of EDEN

• They were brothers, all right, born of the same parents—but anyone who knew Cal and Aron Trask found it hard to believe. Even their father did. To Adam Trask, whose wife had left him right after the second son was born, his boys were as different as night and day. Aron, at twenty-three, was reliable and cooperative and a devoted son. Not so twenty-one-year-old Cal. Here was a wild one, moody and quick to anger, clearly destined for trouble. His father said he was bad (*Continued on page 50*)

•

JAMES DEAN

•

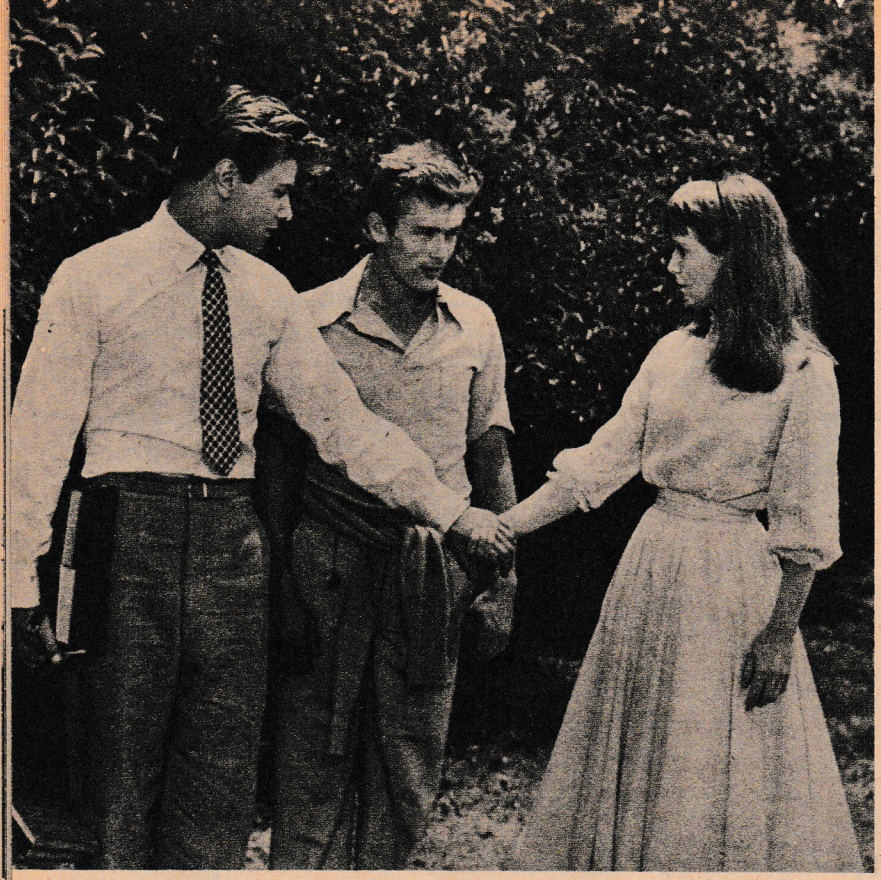
JULIE HARRIS

PRAISE FOR A YOUNG MAN'S GREATNESS

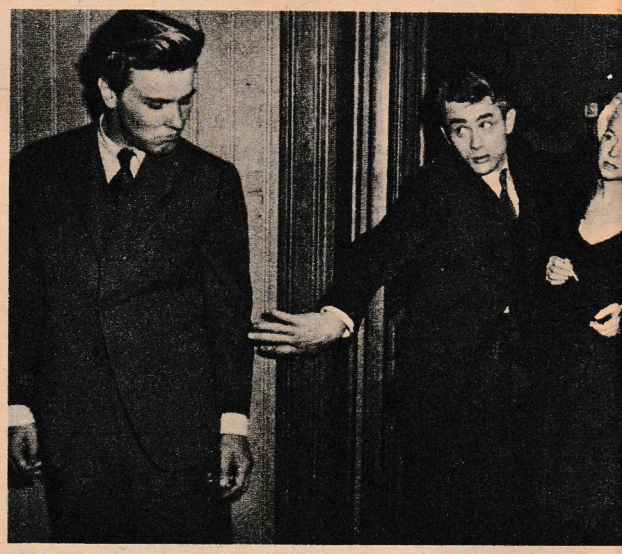
HATED HIM . . . THE STORY OF A BOY'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.

"I know love is beautiful and good," Abra (Julie Harris) had whispered to Cal (James Dean), but she was afraid of her feelings for him.

EAST OF EDEN



Abra had said that Cal looked at one as though he was sort of an animal; what she didn't admit, or understand, was that she wanted him to look at her.



Cal, in a rage for vengeance, shattered Aron's cherished illusions—by revealing that Kate was their own mother.

Adapted from the WARNER BROTHERS CINEMASCOPE Production—Produced and Directed by ELIA KAZAN—Screenplay by PAUL OSBORN—Color by WARNERCOLOR

Abra	**Julie Harris**
Cal Trask	**James Dean**
Adam Trask	**Raymond Massey**
Sam	**Burl Ives**
Aron Trask	**Richard Davalos**
Kate	**Jo Van Fleet**
Will	**Albert Dekker**
Ann	**Lois Smith**
Mr. Albrecht	**Harold Gordon**
Joe	**Timothy Carey**
Piscora	**Mario Siletti**
Ray	**Lonny Chapman**

beyond endurance. And though the father regretted his words, he heard them echoed by Cal himself: "You're right. I *am* bad. I've known it a long time."

The boy didn't say it defiantly. In his words were the sadness and misery of the outcast who does not want to be what he is but finds himself powerless to change. For most of his life, Cal had been as puzzled by his stormy emotions as everyone around him; but now, for the first time, he understood what made him as he was. At least, he thought he understood.

A fellow had told him to go see a woman who ran a wide-open bar in Monterey, where men could pay for what they wanted and get it. So Cal took the train from Salinas, and there in the lusty fishing town he saw the woman called Kate. She was beautiful, despite her years, but her eyes might have been made of agate, and her lips seemed forever curved with contempt for the world. Cal stared at her, filled with hate and anguish.

For this woman was his mother.

He left without telling her who he was; and, when he returned to Salinas, he kept the secret from his brother. He let Aron go on believing that their mother was dead, as their father had said. But the boy revealed to his father that he had learned the truth. He said only that someone had told him she was still alive. He didn't explain that he had seen her—and that he knew what she was doing.

The discovery, however, started his emotions churning like a whirlpool. Without meaning to, Cal bared his heart to his brother. "You know perfectly well you're the one Dad loves!" he cried out. "He doesn't love me! He never has!"

Stunned by the outburst, Aron defended his father. "What have you ever done to deserve his love?" he asked. "You've done nothing but resent him and hate him and snarl at him." And then he added, softly, "You can't win anybody's love by fighting them every minute. You've got to fight *with* them. You've got to show you're on their side."

● In the days that followed, Cal tried hard. His father had visions of a new way of preserving food—by freezing it. This was 1917, with America teetering on the brink of war, and Adam Trask, uninterested in profits, dreamed of contributing something to his country's welfare. Cal pitched in with Aron and did all he could to help in the ice plant where lettuce was being wrapped in cellophane and packed with ice. He throttled his envy of his brother; Aron was loved not only by his father but by the prettiest girl in Salinas—Abra, whose lips promised the sweetness and warmth of life.

But it was Abra who thought Cal was "scarey" and who said, "When he looks at you, he's sort of like an animal." What she didn't admit, because she didn't understand it, was that she very much *wanted* him to look at her.

Cal didn't look at her much. He was busy working, not quite sure of what he had to do to win his father's love but desperately wanting to do it. Ironically, it was in his father's moment of bitter defeat that Cal came close to winning what he was after. The three of them had heard that the train carrying their ice-packed lettuce had been blocked in a mountain pass by a snow slide. The sun, they were told, was melting the ice.

The three Trask men went up and saw it with their own eyes, the lettuce rotting away in stalled freight cars, and both boys knew their father's dream had been destroyed. But Adam Trask held to his faith unbroken. "This is a very good idea," he said. "Cold *can* preserve things. Someday, somebody will prove it. Perhaps it was presumptuous of me to believe it would be I."

"It was you!" Cal blurted out, love and admiration shining in his eyes as he turned to his father. "It was *your* idea!"

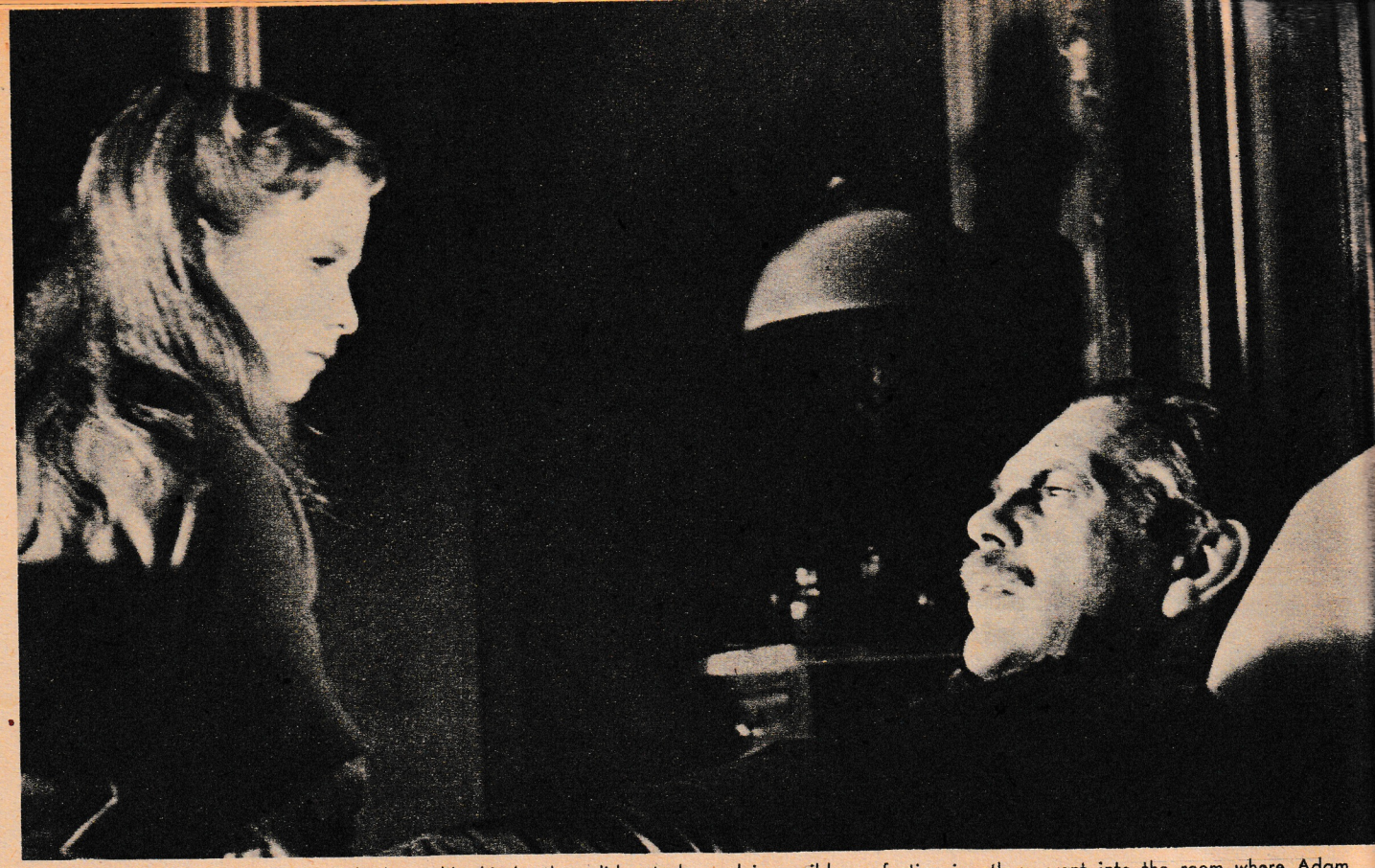
Adam Trask saw and understood; for that moment, the father and the son were united.

Cal was determined not to have that moment vanish, and he decided he could prove his love once again by regaining the money his father had lost on the lettuce. Convinced that the United States would soon be at war, and that food prices would then skyrocket, Cal arranged to buy a bean farm with an experienced partner. He needed five thousand dollars to do it; and there was just one person from whom he could borrow that much money.

● It was a strange basis for the reunion of mother and son, the borrowing of money. But then the mother and son themselves were strange. They looked at each other curiously, asked curious questions, tried hopelessly to

He would never forgive his mother as he could never forgive himself. Her crime was his and her badness was born again in him. And yet, some strange force drew him further and further toward the evil.

Cal's father was a stranger to his son. No matter how hard he tried, the boy could not please him . . . he didn't know how. But he loved him as only an outcast son can love his father.



Abra, aware now that she loved Cal who, unlike his brother, did not demand impossible perfection in others, went into the room where Adam lay, unable to move a muscle or speak a word. She wanted Cal to be strong, and only his father could help him to find that strength.

span the lifetime that stretched between them. Cal learned that Kate had left his father because he tried to tie her down on the ranch and keep her all to himself. "Nobody," Kate burst out, "*nobody* holds me!"

When she learned how he planned to invest the money, Kate lent it to him. It was all quite businesslike; when she had signed the note, she gave herself no chance to act differently. "Now get out," she said abruptly, after giving him the note. "I'm running a business."

They parted without so much as a handshake.

Shortly after Cal and his partner bought the bean farm, the United States went to war, and prices shot up almost as fast as the beans did. But the fact that the world was now plunged into war had a profoundly depressing effect on Cal's brother Aron, who hated violence.

Cal had always been a lone wolf who never bothered with any girl twice, and he frequently sought his pleasures in the Salinas Park Funville, where young men prowled after any girl who was without an escort. One night, Abra came to the park too early for her date with Aron, and she was having a difficult time discouraging a soldier, until Cal came by. Without planning to, he and Abra drifted onto the fairway.

In the Ferris wheel, with soldiers and their girls all around, kissing one another, Abra sat stiffly apart from Cal. But, in spite of herself, she talked of how she felt about love. "I know love is beautiful and good," she confided, "the way Aron says—but it's more than that—it's got to be!"

They kissed, with the fierce passion of two whose pent-up emotions are too strong to be denied. Then Abra sobbed, a girl shaken by uncertainty.

Cal had no time to help ease her doubts; down on the fairway, a mob had begun a brawl. Cal climbed down the Ferris wheel and slugged a fellow who was about to jump on Aron.

When others broke it up, Aron, who had refused to use his fists, angrily turned on his brother. "Don't slug people for me!" he shouted. "And don't lie to me about trying to help!"

Sobbing with rage, Cal punched Aron. Aron stood where he was and let his brother strike him. Finally, sick at heart, Cal strode off and went into the nearest bar. Abra went after him to get him to stop drinking and to make sure he understood that the kiss in the Ferris wheel was a mistake. She had to make him believe that—because she herself did not.

Driven by the need to have his father's love, and in this way to vanquish his brother, Cal sold out his interest in the bean farm. He had already made as much as his father's lettuce-freezing venture had lost. He gathered this sum together and, on his father's birthday, arranged for a party so that he could give him the money. Abra helped him, aware of what this meant to Cal.

Just as he handed the present to his father, Aron came forward with his surprise—announcement of his engagement to Abra. This meant more to Adam Trask than any gift Cal could give him. When he finally did open Cal's present of money, and learned that his son had profited from war-time selling, he bitterly upbraided the boy and refused to accept the gift.

Unable to understand this, Cal ran from the house, half-crazed by the thought that he had been completely rejected. Abra ran after him, brokenhearted by the tragedy that she alone understood. She tried to comfort Cal. But Aron ordered her never to go near his brother again.

● A new kind of rage conquered Cal—a cold, cruel rage for vengeance. He took his brother to see Kate. He let Aron see the woman for what she was, and then Cal shattered his brother's most cherished illusion by revealing that Kate was their mother. He not only destroyed the illusion—he destroyed Aron. For Aron, who lived in an unreal world of purity and righteousness, the overwhelming reality of evil and the knowledge that this woman was his mother drove him to flight. He could flee in just one way: he got drunk and enlisted, and was gone before his father could get to him.

Adam Trask had a stroke. They brought him to his ranch, and there he lay, unable to move a muscle or speak a word. Overcome by remorse, Cal begged forgiveness. His father gave no sign he had heard his son, and Cal plunged from the room in despair.

Abra, aware now that she loved Cal who, unlike his brother, did not demand impossible perfection of others, went into the bedroom. "Cal has got to forgive you for not having loved him," she said. "And he *has* forgiven you. But you must give him some sign that you love him—or he'll never be a man."

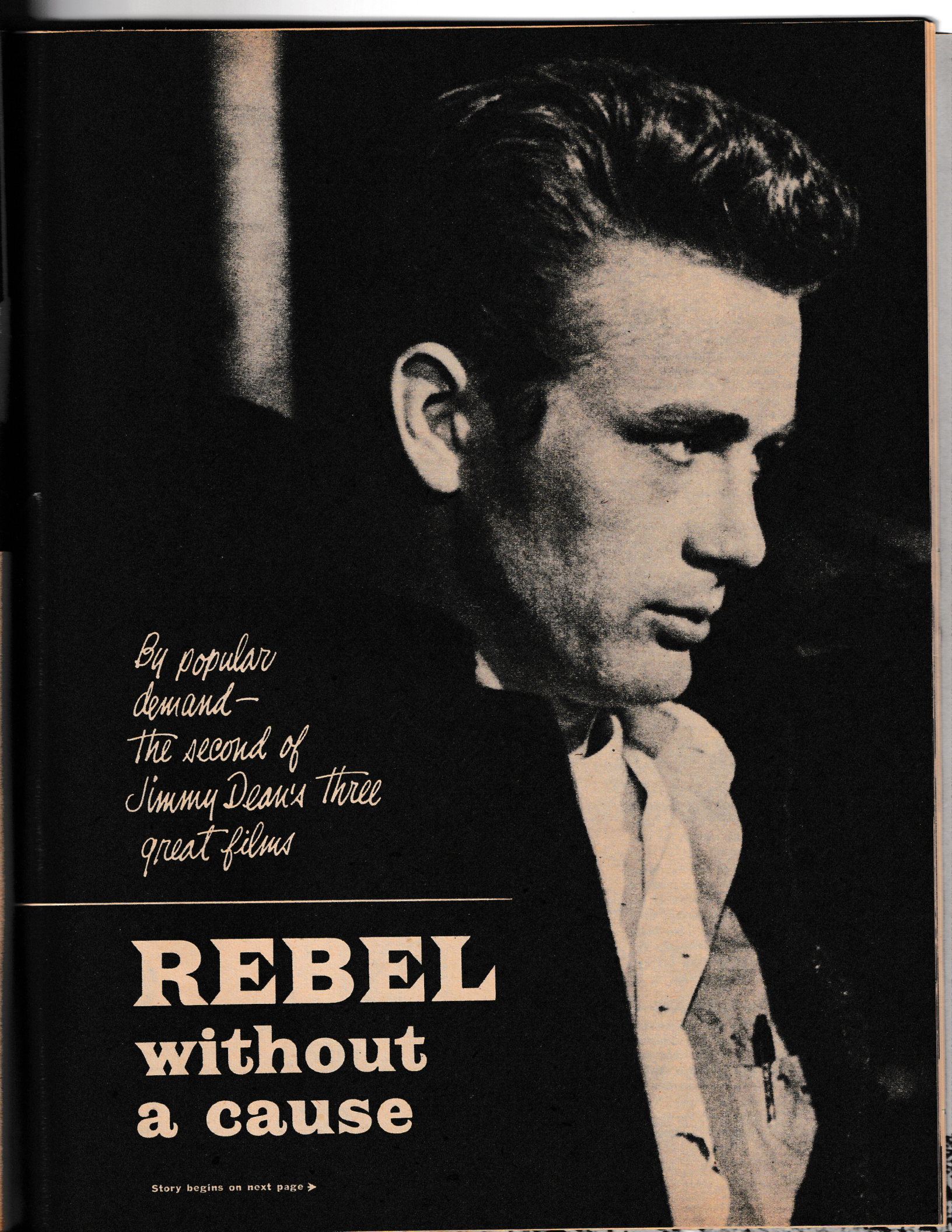
Adam Trask's eyes didn't flicker.

"I love Cal," Abra went on, her voice breaking, "and I want him happy and strong and whole. And only you can do it. Please try! Let him help you, so that he knows you love him!"

His son came back into the room. Adam Trask's lips moved. He told Cal to get rid of the nurse who had been hired to care for him. "Don't get anyone else," he whispered. "*You* stay with me. *You* take care of me."

Quietly, Cal and Abra left the room. Once outside, Cal kissed her. He would stay with her, too, and care for her, and love her for so long as he lived.

THE END



By popular demand— the second of Jimmy Dean's three great films

REBEL without a cause

Story begins on next page ➤

Jimmy Dean in

REBEL
without a cause

● "Your eggs are on the table, dear," Jim's mother said. Jim, standing at the window, did not move. "Sit down and eat," his mother said. "You'll be late."

Deliberately Jim let another long minute pass before he turned. They were all seated around the table now, their eyes on him: his grandmother's —bright, malicious, dominating the room; his mother's—sullen, aggrieved, staring at him from beneath carefully plucked brows; his father's—gentle, vague, and (as always when he looked at his seventeen-year-old son) just a little bewildered.

Jim sat down. But the taste of last night's liquor was still dark and furry in his mouth, and he shoved back his plate. "It'd stick in my throat, Mom," he muttered. "I'm nervous or something."

His father darted a glance at Jim's grandmother. "My first day of school," he recalled sympathetically, "Mother'd make me eat, and by golly, I could never even swallow till recess."

"Well, drink your milk anyhow," Jim's mother snapped. "There's nothing to be nervous about." She held out a brown paper bag. "Here's peanut butter and meat loaf."

Jim made a derisive noise. His grandmother laughed unpleasantly. "What did I tell you?" she sneered. "Peanut butter!"

Her daughter-in-law's voice sharpened defensively. "Well, there's a thermos of orange juice," she said, "and some applesauce cake in the wax paper to wash it down."

Jim snatched the bag and ran, eager to be away from them, out of reach of their wrangling and the sight of his father caught between them, their meek, unprotesting victim. They make mush out of him, Jim thought bitterly. Just mush. One thing I know, he told himself, I never want to be like him.

Standing on the back steps in the pale winter sunshine, Jim was remembering the night before. The drinking and the dark street, and then the sirens and the precinct police station and the shocked faces of his family, summoned to take him home. Even there it had been the same—the barbed recriminations of both his mother

They jerked his head back, and someone cracked him across the face.

Jim's first day at school, none of the kids were friendly.

"This is the test," Buzz said. "Just sticking—jab real cool."

Continued→

continued

Jimmy Dean in

REBEL
without a cause

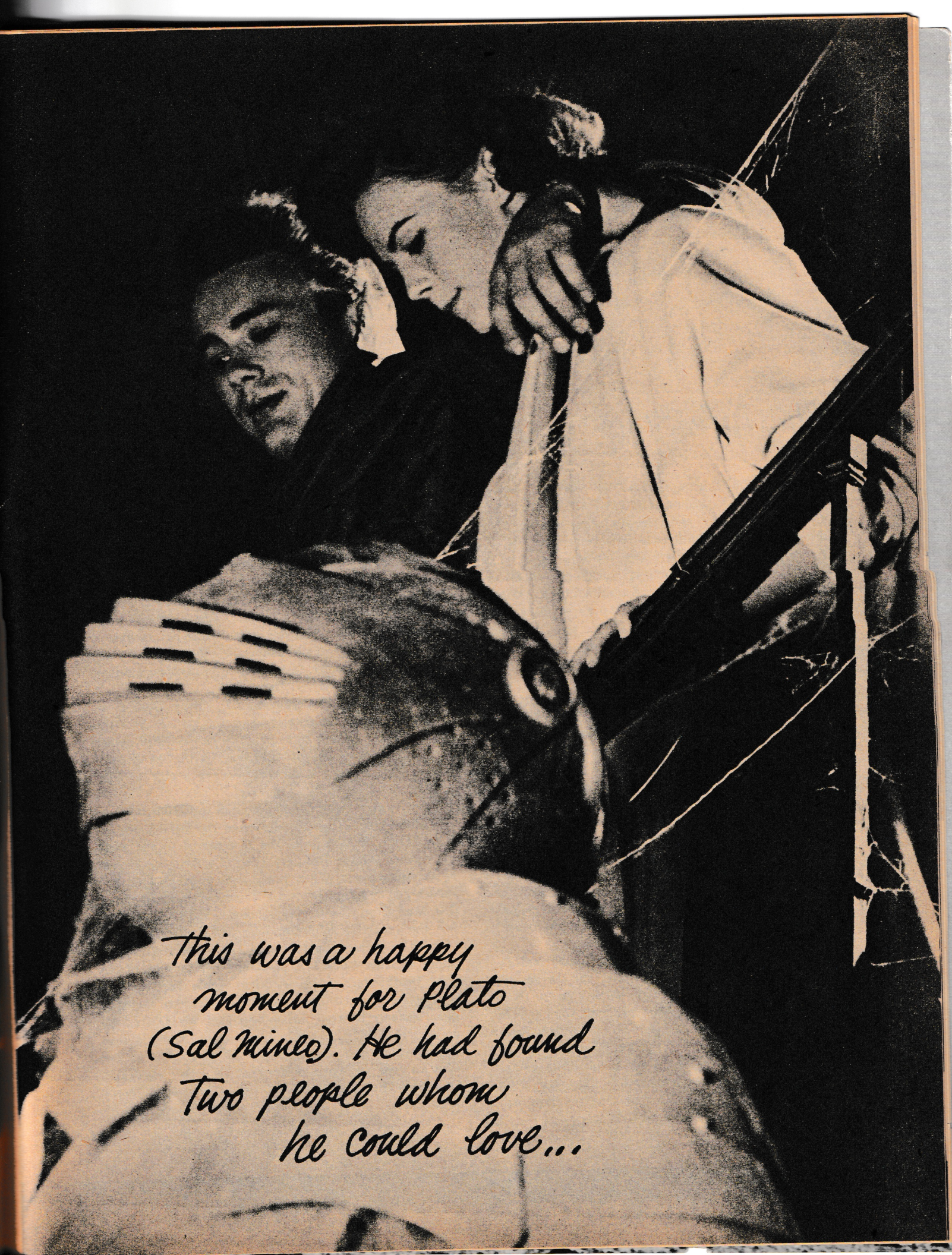
"We got to do *something*," Buzz had said. In one moment he and Jim would drive their cars to the edge of the cliff—last one out the winner. Judy wished them good luck.

and grandmother, the groping, fumbling voice of his father. "I want to understand you," he'd pleaded. "Why'd you get drunk? There must have been a reason." But the reason lay deeper within him than any words he knew could reach; suffering and inarticulate, he could not explain why even to himself.

There had been one man at the police station, Jim remembered gratefully, who had not needed an explanation; Ray, they'd called him—Jim never heard the rest of his name, but his title, he knew, was Juvenile Officer. Ray had understood. He'd seen beneath Jim's drunken bravado the confusion of a boy struggling to become a man, needing a man to show him how; he'd seen the despair of a boy whose father had never learned to be a man himself. "Will you do something for me?" Ray had said at the end. "If the pot starts boiling again will you come and see me before you get yourself in a jam? Even if you just want to talk —come in and shoot the breeze. It's easier sometimes," he'd added gently, "than talking to your folks."

Jim smiled a little, remembering that, remembering the sure, kind eyes in Ray's creased, sunburned face; Ray was a friend. This was another new town, another new school—how many of them there'd been in the last few years!—but maybe it would be different this time. This time he had a friend.

Jim walked almost jauntily across the yard to the garage. (*cont'd on pages 70-74*)



this was a happy moment for Plato (Sal Mineo). He had found two people whom he could love...

melancholy genius

The Life Story of James Dean:

■ When *East of Eden* opened in New York last winter—replete with tickets selling for $150 each for the benefit of the Actors' Studio, and celebrity-ushers in snappy uniforms to lead the celebrities to their seats—the man who created the greatest stir was someone who wasn't there: James Dean. Studio representatives tore their hair in private, smiled sweetly in public, and admitted both privately and publicly that Jimmy had been brought to New York expressly to make friends and influence the press, but they hadn't the slightest notion of where he was.

While Warners' New York office kept the telephone wires humming all that week in a vain effort to track him down for the dozens of newspapermen and magazine writers who wanted to interview him, Jimmy spent a quiet week in New York virtually in hiding—visiting friends at the Actors' Studio, where he'd once been a student, taking in the shows, and catching up on fun he'd missed with old friends Bill Gunn, the Negro actor who appeared on Broadway in *Take A Giant Step,* and Marty Landau, a TV actor. The three of them sauntered past the Astor one day, and stood quietly gazing up at the marquee with Jimmy's name emblazoned in lights on it: just looking up at it with the proper amount of awe. When Jimmy spotted the manager (who was wearing a full-dress suit in broad daylight, as theatre managers do) the triumvirate slinked off as though they'd been trespassing on an estate that said "keep out" and had been caught.

His behavior may have astonished the studio and astounded reporters, but it needn't have. On the record, Jimmy's friends will tell you that he doesn't go for those after-the-show congratulations, that he doesn't think they're sincere. But off the record, they'll admit that "he's probably the most sensitive guy in the world" and allergic to both criticism and praise. Big crowds frighten him. Strangers asking personal questions make him ill at ease. He's been labeled anti-social by some, rebellious by others, and just plain shy by those who think they understand him—but he's attracted some very loyal friends. And Hollywood, viewing the sets closed to visitors, the motorcycle, the sneakers, and the complete disregard for publicity, calls him "another Marlon Brando" and lets it go at that.

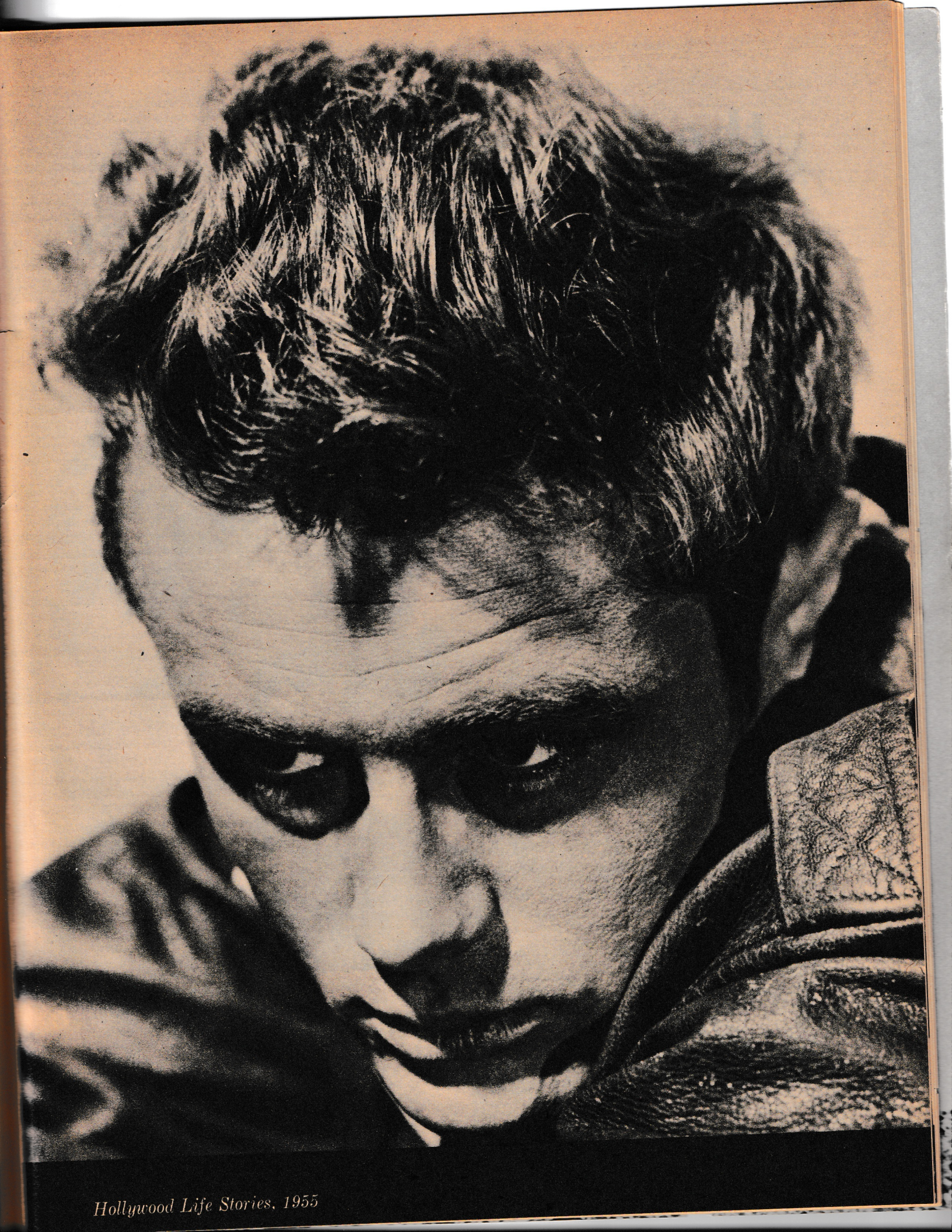
Jimmy counters that "People were telling me I behaved like Brando before I knew who Brando was. I'm not disturbed by the comparison, nor am I flattered." (To which Louis Sobol wryly added the aside, "Dear boy, neither is Brando.") By way of dismissing the subject for all time, Jimmy adds succinctly, "I have my own personal rebellion and don't have to rely on Brando's."

That should be that. But it isn't. Jimmy Dean is an actor who creates controversy—and perhaps a little of the riddle of his complex behavior is to be explained rather simply in terms of his past, and the fact that he was uprooted from a happy home before he was able to cope with it.

Jimmy was the only child of Winton and Mildred Dean, an Indiana couple who'd met, courted and married not far from Mario, Indiana, and who had moved to the West Coast when Winton Dean got a job as a dental technician in a hospital there. When Jimmy was 9, his mother died suddenly of an incurable disease. Jimmy's father had known that Mrs. Dean's death was imminent, and tried to comfort the youngster despite his own bereavement and loss. "I tried to prepare him, to make him understand," Jim's father declares. "But I just couldn't get through to the boy." Death, which sometimes brings people closer together than before, succeeded only in adding mileage to the emotional distance between Jim and his Dad. Mr. Dean, feeling that he might not be able to give little Jimmy the love and affection he needed, sent him off to Indiana to live with his aunt and uncle. Robbed of his father as well as his mother, Jim discovered very early in life what it meant to be lonely. . . .

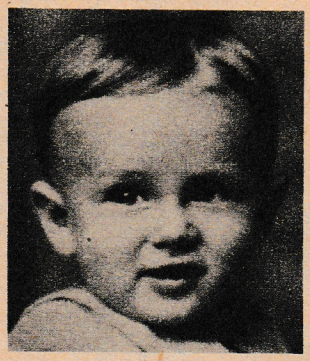
(Continued on page 61)

HE CARRIED HIS DOOM LIKE A BANNER

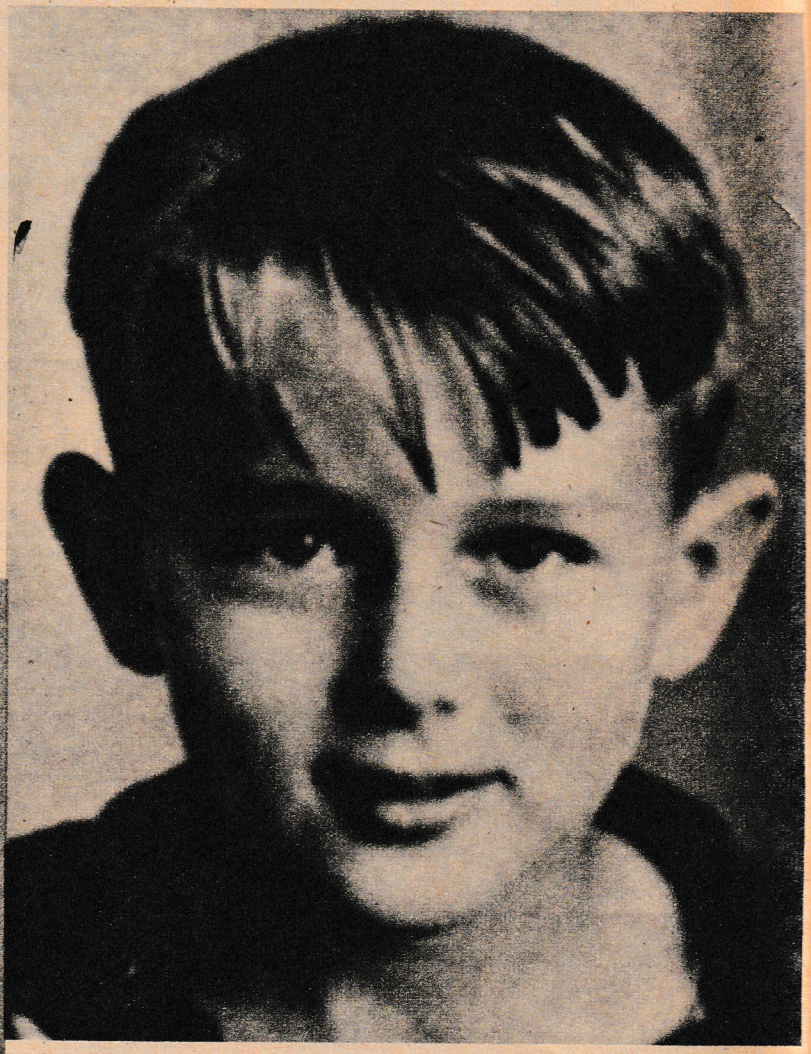


Hollywood Life Stories, 1955

the boy who lost his mother

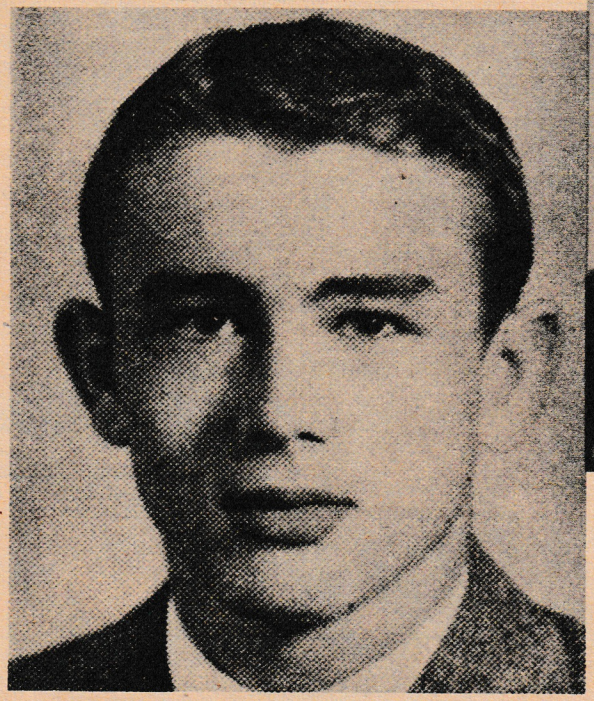


The Dean boy, age 2



Motherless at 9

The oratory winner



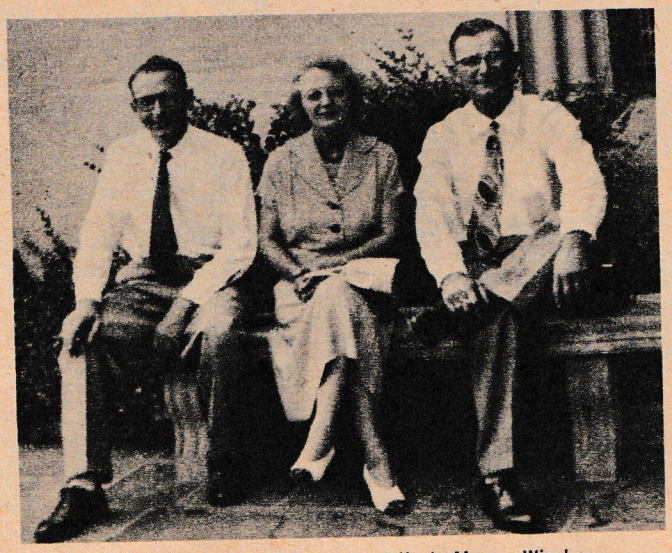
■ Life in Fairmount, Indiana proved somewhat better than a frightened child of 9, traveling back there with his grandmother, might expect it to be. His Aunt Ortense and Uncle Marcus Winslow welcomed him with warmth in their hearts and understanding in their souls. Though they have two children of their own, they tried to make him feel as though he belonged, and that their home was his. His Aunt Ortense describes him as having been "full of mischief, running over with pep, and into something all the time. He could do anything he set his mind to—stir up candy, bake a cake, help his uncle with the livestock. He was very determined, and lost himself completely in his current enthusiasm." Current enthusiasms during high school were many. He was a "sensational guard" on the basketball team, a member of the F Club, the band, and the Thespians.

About those green years, Jimmy now says, "Whatever abilities I may have, crystallized there in high school, when I was trying to prove something to myself—that I could do it, I suppose. One of my teachers was a frustrated actress. Through her I entered and won a state oratorical contest, reciting a Dickens piece called *The Madman.* It begins with a scream." And the school yearbook records that he "scared the wits" out of the audience by his portrayal of Frankenstein in *Goon With The Wind,* the class play. Shocking audiences was always fun for Jimmy.

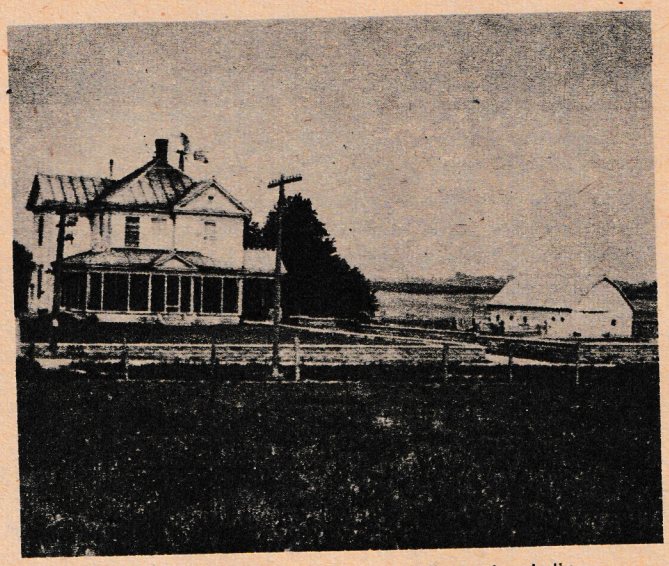
Graduation brought the end of a comparatively carefree interlude. Quite grown up, Jimmy went out West to Los Angeles, to join his father and the woman who was now his stepmother. At Santa Monica Junior College he majored in theatre arts, and had his heart set on becoming an actor. His dad countered with, "Suppose you do have acting ability? Will you be happy leading an actor's life? Why don't you study law? That way, your acting will come in handy."

The desire to please was strong—strong enough for him to enter U.C.L.A. and sign up for pre-law. But compliance wasn't easy. Jimmy tried, but he couldn't quite fit himself into the mold. "I even joined a fraternity," he recalls, "but I busted a couple of guys in the nose, and got myself kicked out. I wasn't happy in law, either."

By the coincidence of geography, U.C.L.A. is also close to the film studios in Hollywood—and Jimmy found himself running away from campus and studies to get bit parts in films. He had small parts in *Fixed Bayonets* and something called *Has Anybody Seen My Gal?* but if anybody saw Jimmy, they overlooked him. Another Jimmy, James Whitmore, suggested he go to New York for stage experience. This was the kind of advice he enjoyed taking: it was something he'd always wanted to do. And if he had any misgivings about rebelling against his Dad's wishes, he stifled them. At 19, a boy is almost a man . . . (CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



James' father (left) with Aunt Ortense and Uncle Marcus Winslow



The well-tailored Winslow farm in Fairmount, Indiana

"GOON WITH THE WIND" AND FRANKENSTEIN

The play, "Goon With the Wind," and Frankenstein made their appearance October 29 at the annual Halloween Carnival held at the high school. Characters in the play were: Joan Jones, Jim Dean, and David Nall. Jim Dean, as Frankenstein, grotesquely "scared the wits" out of the audience.

Two plays presented by the Thespian Society during National Drama Week included "An Apple from Coles County" and "Junior Prom."

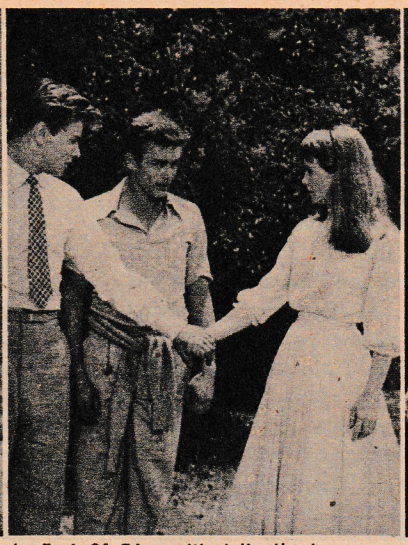
Formal initiation for new members was held during the year. Those initiated were seniors: Edith Thomas, Ethel Thomas, Virginia Payne, and Earl Yeter. David Worl, Kathleen Titus, Paul Smith, Reva Brown, and Janet Sue Nose; and sophomore, David Nall.

The plays were under the direction of Gurney Mattingly.

From Fairmount High Yearbook: Jim (inset) as Frankenstein

On TV theatre with Pat Hardy

On Broadway with Geraldine Page



In **East Of Eden** with Julie Harris

With Marlon: they get along

■ New York is a huge and a lonely place—particularly if you don't have a job. To keep from being engulfed by depression, Jimmy used to see three cheap movies a day (and even those got to be expensive). Just about the time he was running out of money, he was tested by CBS. They liked him, and kept him busy as a "stand-by," rehearsing jackpot stunts for *Break The Bank*. He was paid about $5 an hour, and they were dollars from heaven.

Quite accidentally, he landed a crewman's job on a sloop cruising the Atlantic, and the skipper had a friend who was a producer—a good friend. Jimmy won an introduction, and a part in *See The Jaguar*. The play lasted a fast five performances, but that was enough for Jimmy to make an impression. He went back to TV (as an actor this time) and appeared on *Studio One, Danger, The U. S. Steel Hour,* and *Kraft TV Theatre,* specializing in "heavies" and character parts before he got his first really big break on Broadway as the blackmailing Arab in Billy Rose's *The Immoralist*. Elia Kazan saw him, and brought him West for *East of Eden*.

In Hollywood, Jim lived through his first big success (in pictures) and his first big failure (in love). The *East of Eden* set may have been closed to visitors, but there was one big exception—and her name was Pier Angeli. If it wasn't the real thing, it was the closest Jimmy'd ever come to it. They visited each other's sets every day, and dated each other every night. He took her home to meet his dad, and for her 22nd birthday he gave her a gold bracelet and matching necklace.

But then one night he brought her home after curfew, and Pier's mother got angry. One look at his dirty leather jacket, his T-shirt and sneakers, and Mama put her maternal foot down! Another man might have set out to ingratiate himself with his gal's mother: toned down his behavior, and dressed up his appearance. But not our Jimmy. You either take him or leave him—as he is. And Mrs. Pierangeli left him.

Soon after, when Pier announced her engagement to Vic Damone, Jimmy was shocked and shattered. "Oh no, please say you're kidding me," he moaned. And when she was married, he stood across the street from the church and watched a beaming Pier make her getaway after the ceremony on the arm of her brand-new husband. This had been his first Big Romance, and he was hard hit. Of course, there'd been a succession of girls in New York. Actresses, for the most part. But Pier was the only girl who had touched his heart in a long time—and he felt the scars deeply.

They were scars too painful to be glossed over quickly or easily—but he tried. He started dating so many girls you'd need to fill your fountain pen before you could make a list. There were Pat Hardy, Ella Logan, Susan Strasberg, Vampira, Julie Robinson and Lilli Cardell, to name a few. If his heart was broken, he may have found a little salve with which to heal it in the extent of his success. Money hasn't brought him happiness, or even the imitation of it, but it has paid for visits to a psychiatrist (Marlon Brando's), a new white Porsche (which the studio won't let him race any more) and a Laurel Canyon hideaway where he can play the bongo drums or listen to Bartok in the "complete isolation" he wants.

His father, his family and his friends enjoy his newfound prominence, but it's been harder for Jimmy. Proud, defiant and essentially lonely despite his frequent dates, he prefers to keep his distance from people, and is plagued by a restlessness that he buries in dozens of hobbies. "I wouldn't like me if I had to be around me," he declares candidly. That's the melancholy genius talking. James Dean doesn't really think that little of himself—and one of these days, when he's good and ready, he'll let someone in to share his loneliness—and won't be lonely any more.

the man who lost his girl

With Pier: he got jilted

He lived his life as a desperate search—and found his destiny on the lonely road to Salinas

APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

■ Threading the twists and turns of the Grapevine Road south of Bakersfield, the speeding Porsche was a blur of white, a great jackrabbit dodging through the brown California hills. Over the engine's steady drone came the high and angry whine of a police siren. The Porsche braked to a stop, and the driver turned a look of impatience on the grim state patrolman who stalked over to write out the ticket. "This is a forty-five-mile zone," the cop said curtly. "*You* were doing sixty-five."

"I'm late," said James Byron Dean. "Got to get to Salinas. I'm expected. . . ." He stuffed the ticket in his shirt pocket, adjusted his goggles, and with a defiant spin of its rear wheels the Porsche spurted northward. Somehow his strange, fierce life had been directed to this appointment whether he knew it or not. For he was expected, but not at Salinas. His destination was a lonely intersection at dusk, just out of Paso Robles. He had averaged seventy-five miles an hour to be on time.

The Porsche flashed across the intersection, rammed another car head-on, and

THE END OF A BARGAIN WITH TIME *Modern Screen,*

almost before the shattering explosion of sound had died away, the life was gone out of James Dean. He had kept his appointment with Death.

The shocking news cast a pall over the sports car meet at Salinas, Dean's destination. (Ironically it was in the role of a moody Salinas youth, son of Raymond Massey, that he had rocketed to fame in *East Of Eden.*) Whether he had intended to enter the races or merely watch them was his own secret. Studio executives, alarmed by his love of speed for speed's sake, had exacted a promise from him not to race while a picture was in production. One of his bosses had warned him: "One day you'll kill yourself in these souped-up races!", and Jimmy had obeyed. But only the week before, he had finished work on *Giant* for Warners, and he may have felt that the ban was lifted.

Coming so soon after the fatal crash that took Bob Francis' life, and the not-so-unexpected tragedy of Suzan Ball's death, the news from Paso Robles shocked Hollywood, too. It was broken to Elizabeth Taylor, his co-star in *Giant,* in a projection room where she was watching rushes from the picture. She stared incredulously a moment, then lowered her lovely face into cupped hands. "Oh, God," she sobbed. "I can't believe it. I can't *believe* it!" But she had to believe it, and she wept. A reporter told Ursula Andress, the starlet Jimmy had dated until recently, and she wept, too: "We broke off weeks ago . . . I tried to understand him, I really did. But he was a strange, *so* strange young man. Only a few days ago he drove up and showed me his new car. Maybe if I had said something . . ." They broke the news to Jimmy's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, and the father said sadly, "One day he was with us, and now, the next, he's gone—for good. Wherever he is I hope my boy finds peace. But I only wish we'd been closer."

And then, for these people who knew him as well as any, and for many others who did not know him at all, came a period of wondering: in the deeper sense was James Death's death really accidental —or inevitable? Was his appointment with Death a casual rendezvous, a brutal quirk of fate, or had it been made a long time ago? Perhaps it was the destiny of this strange, much-misunderstood youth to meet Death at only twenty-four.

As a matter of fact he had met it before, and the whole of his short, intense life had been altered by the encounter. The Deans had moved to California from Marion, Indiana, when James was a small child. A few years later his mother, the former Mildred Wilson, became ill with cancer.

"She was only twenty-nine," Winton Dean told MODERN SCREEN last summer. "The doctors told me it was hopeless. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried, but I just couldn't make it. Jim and I—we've never had that closeness. And my Jim is a tough boy to understand."

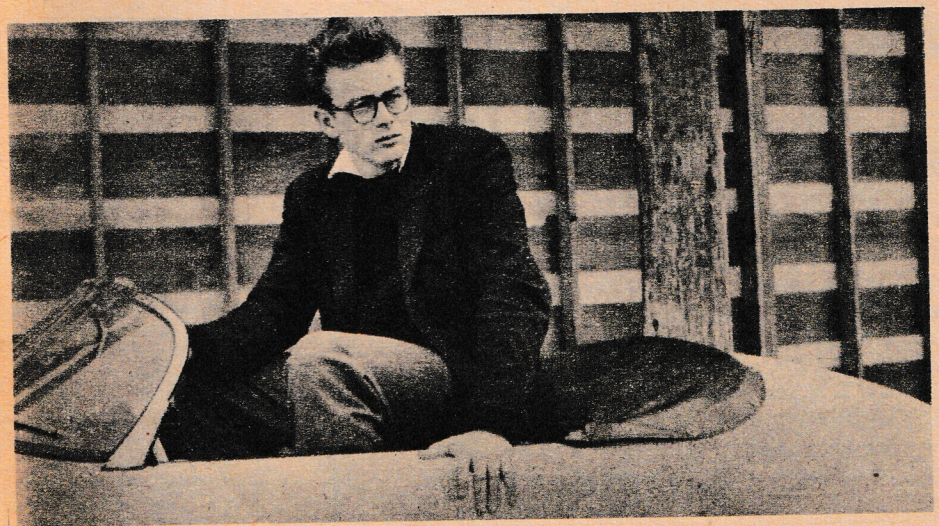
And how can an eight-year-old tell his father how much he mourns his mother? The grieving Jimmy couldn't even try. He shut up his grief inside his heart, and when he was sent back to Fairmont, Indiana, to be cared for by his uncle Mark and Aunt Ortense Winslow, no one ever knew. Time healed the tragedy of Mildred Dean's death for the grownups of the family, but not for Jimmy. On the surface he was fine: he starred in debate and drama, was a pole-vaulter on the high school track team, and played a good game of basketball. He even came to call his aunt "Mom." Back on the coast to take pre-law at U.C.L.A., he was friendly enough with his father and stepmother. But deep down, he was a boy who had been intimate with Death. It was this, along with the strange talent that smoldered inside him, struggling to break into flame, that set him apart from people and made him, even for his own father, tough to understand. Some saw the talent, perhaps a few unconsciously sensed the tragedy locked inside him, but almost none could know him or communicate with him.

For his own part, Dean found communication terribly difficult. In all his human contacts, he was unconsciously seeking something he had lost back in the years beyond remembering. Have you ever seen a mother's searching eyes, urgently looking through a crowd for a child who has strayed? There was something of that in James Dean's eyes when he met new people. The eyes might light up for a fraction of a second, as if in recognition, but more often they would be veiled in swift rejection, then turn away to search again.

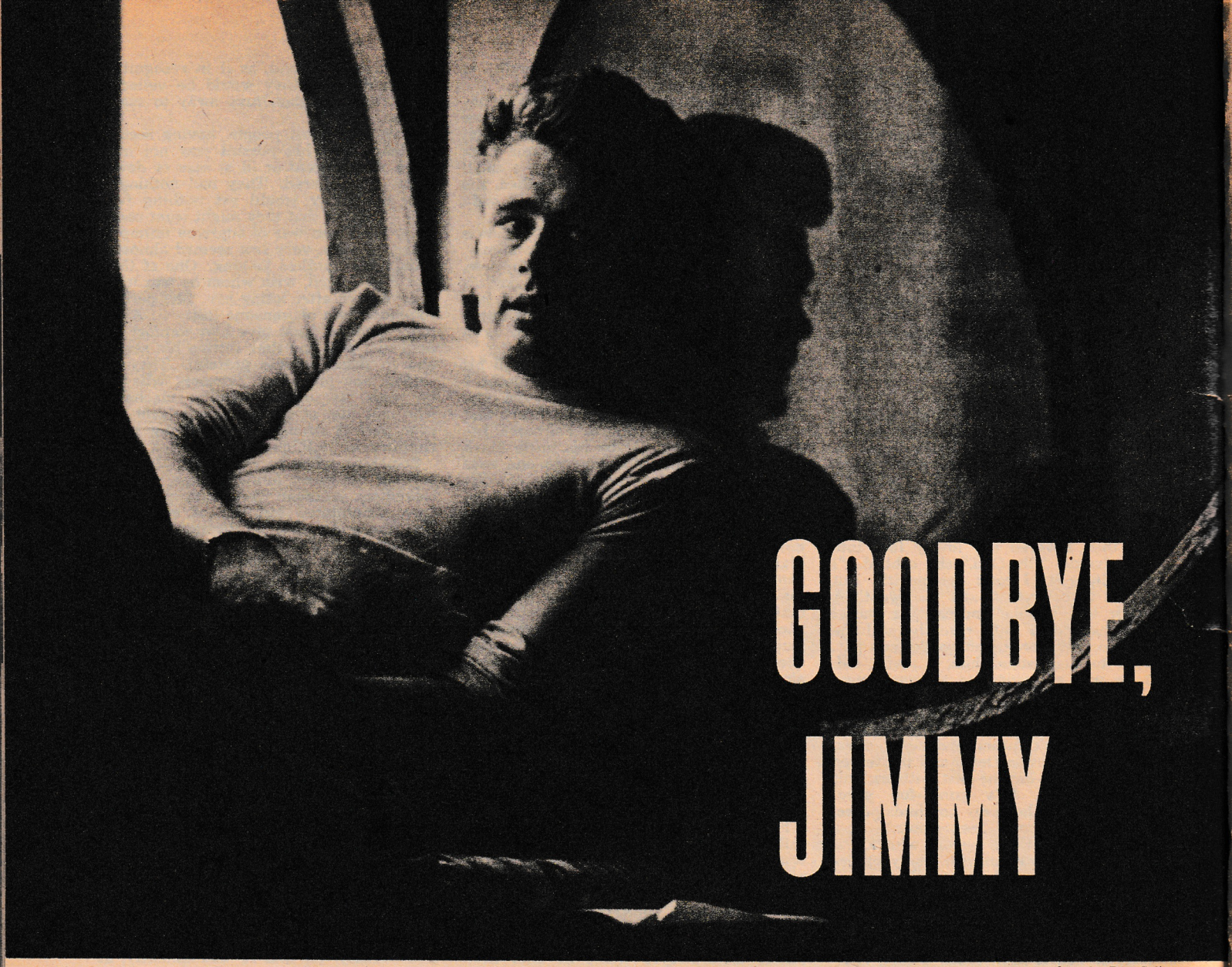
Thus with most people, having seen at a glance that his pursuit was not over, Dean was reticent or ill at ease or downright ill-mannered. They had nothing to give him; they would get nothing from him. The fact that they might *want* something from him was of supreme unimportance. A very, very few seemed almost to satisfy his wordless longing. One of these was Pier Angeli, with whom he was much in love even after losing her. She perhaps reminded him of someone lost. . . . A few more could at least give him comfort and help him pass the time during his search, and to these he was grateful. They included non-predatory actresses who put up with his unpredictability, mechanics who met him at the crankcase level, and even perfect strangers, if they dug bongo rhythms or bullfighting or Bartok.

Somehow, when he was acting, the pressure of his quest found release. All the locked-up emotion came out, pure and true, uninhibited but full of sensitivity. Now the seeker was on display, hoping to be found by the one he sought. People who saw him act—who *experienced* the hot flame of his talent as it suddenly enveloped sound stage or theatre—came away strangely shaken, as if they had looked straight into his soul and seen something nameless but beautiful and frightening. And Dean, when the cameras stopped turning, simply faded like a face on a screen, turning back, inward, to himself as he resumed his old, unending quest.

His passion for sports-car racing was both a part of his search and apart from it. Behind the wheel, white helmet clamped down on his head, goggles tied tight over his eyes, the scent of gas and burning rubber in his nose, the protesting screech of tires in his ears and the pure feel of headlong speed like rushing eternity in his soul—there he was free. Free from the world's distractions and its awful pressure. Free for the faster and faster pursuit of what he would never find in this world. Unless it lay around the next curve. . . . Which is where James Dean finally did find it, triumphantly, at dusk one day on the road to Salinas. END



Jim was obsessed with cars and speed, started with motorcycles, turned to supercharged racers.



GOODBYE, JIMMY

photo by Roy Schatt

The editors were so moved by the many, many letters written to us about Jimmy that we wanted to share them with the rest of you. We only regret not being able to print all of them, they were so wonderful

Dear Editor:

I was the president of a James Dean fan club and I and my members would like a *special favor* from you. You can imagine how we felt when Jimmy met his painful death recently. You see we felt very close to Jimmy because we used to see him a lot when he was in N. Y. before *East Of Eden*. I would like to tell you he was sweet, kind and good and that is the honest truth.

In the December issue of MODERN SCREEN you printed such beautiful photos of him, some of the best ever taken of him. Could you *please* send us a copy of one—we haven't any pictures of him because he never let us take any. If you only knew how we felt about him you would understand us wanting these pictures. We haven't any pictures at all to remember him by and we never, never want (*Continued on page 68*)

The page, opposite, was Fairmount's farewell to the boy whose tragic death was mourned by the whole country. But to one small Indiana town Jimmy Dean was a teammate, a classmate, a son. Others may write of artistic talent lost, of awards unearned. To Fairmount, this was a beloved friend, who is gone.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES DEAN

THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS

Volume LXXX — Fairmount, Grant County, Indiana — SPECIAL EDITION

Special

Because of the overwhelming demand for this week's issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS, which contains exclusive material concerning the brief, brilliant career of James Dean, we have sold all of our regular copies, even though we printed several hundred extras.

Consequently, we decided to publish this Special Edition to try and meet the public's demand.

We, as members of the staff, would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy to the bereaved family of Jim Dean. Words can not begin to express emotions during periods of time such as this but Jim Dean and his influence on Fairmount will never be forgotten.

JAMES DEAN'S "EDEN" PROVES HIGH TALENT OF FAIRMOUNT ACTOR

Even if Jimmy Dean weren't a hometown boy, "East of Eden" would be one of the most powerful productions ever released by Warner Brothers and it would well be worth the effort and money of anyone.

"Eden" opens Easter Sunday at Marion's Indiana Theatre and will continue through Thursday, according to John DeBoo, Manager.

However, homefolks will be going to see Dean. And, they won't be disappointed if they are looking to find a splendid performance and magnificient interpretation by Jimmy.

Fairmount's star has been compared to Marlon Brando and this written can see some faint similarity between the two. But, Dean's is a warmer personality . . one that projects itself with a freedom of action that keeps movie-goers on the edge of their seats.

In "Eden" Jimmy plays the role of an unpredictable, love-starved youth who was reared with a brother by their father (Raymond Massey).

Plagued with an inferiority complex brought about chiefly because he thought his father prefered his brother to himself, Dean, as Cal, does everything in his power to "win" his father's love.

Three climatic scenes, each topping the former, are seen in the latter stages of the show and in each of them Dean seems to bare his very soul with his portrayal.

Written by John Steinbeck, "East of Eden" takes place in the Monterey-Salinas section of California, as is usual with Steinbeck. Elia Kazen, who produced and directed the picture, did an exceptional job; but, this is expected of Kazan, who is one of the nation's foremost producer-directors.

It has been said that there is a possibility Jimmy will be a candidate for an Academy Award in 1956 for his work in "Eden". This early in the year, though, it would be hard to forecast.

Packed houses have seen "East of Eden" every place it has played and in our opinion this will be true from Fairmount to Timbuctu.

Tuesday morning the Indiana Theatre gave a special performance of "Eden" for Mrs. Adeline Nall, Fairmount High School speech instructor, who started Dean on his way.

She, together with the senior class, school officials and several others, are enthusiastic with the picture as most people who see it will be.

Continued from April 7, 1955 issue of THE FAIRMOUNT NEWS.

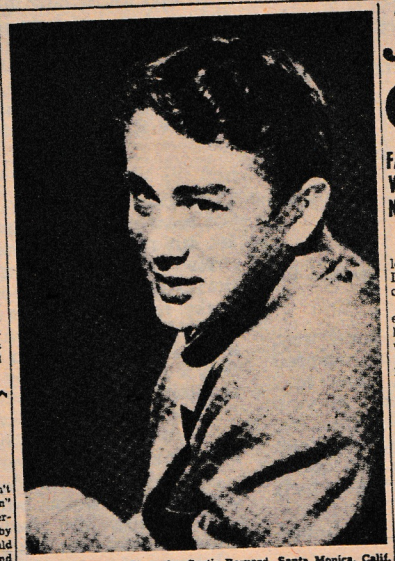


Photo by Curtis Bernard, Santa Monica, Calif.

. . . a Student at U.C.L.A.

James Dean

A native son who startled the nation with a brilliant flash of genius was brought back home this week for last rites. His brief career was as bright as a meteor which flows like a golden tear down the dark cheeks of night.

By the law of averages, it was most unusual for a lad 24-years of age to leave a rural environment from an agarian community and go so far and fast in so short a time on Broadway and Hollywood. It is in the grass roots of Grant County from which he made his start that the body of this restless youth has been returned to rest.

He made his living at acting—by his own definition — "behavior of and for other people". For a little period of time he made the lives of many more entertaining, more interesting, and in some cases more bearable. Such a life is not suddenly wiped out in the wreckage of a car in California. Some of us have learned to distrust our senses and to know that as long as we remember, there will live on in our hearts the influence of others.

To be an actor requires a trained memory, the ability to be a severe critic of oneself, and to create moods and atmosphere for the development of that art. James Dean's part, to those of us who knew him best, was steep and rugged and was covered with sandpaper instead of velvet. As he said in a letter to a friend, "we are impaled on a crook of conditioning. A fish that is in the water has no choice that he is. Genius would have it that he swam in sand. We are fish and we drown. We remain in one world and and wonder. The fortunate are taught to ask why. No one can answer."

Human life has been compared often to an automobile. Some get more mileage in 30 years than others do in 60. So even though we "weep for the dead, the doubly dead, in that he died so young", yet we feel that Jim who lived dangerously would have had the last act come as it did as last nights must come to all earthly things.

Perhaps he would recite for us, if he could, the lines of a lesser poet, John G. Neihardt who wrote,

"Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine!
Let me go quickly like a candle light
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow!
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.
And grant me, when I face the grisly Thing,
One haughty cry to pierce the gray Perhaps!
O let me be a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the Master Melody — and snaps."

JAD

$105,000 ESTATE LEFT BY ACTOR JIMMY DEAN

An estate valued at $105,000, according to court records, was left by James Dean, whose body will be buried in Park Cemetery Saturday afternoon.

Winton Dean, father of the young actor, is the only direct heir.

Attorney L. Dean Petty filed a petition for letters of administration to Dean's estate Wednesday in Hollywood. The attorney named Carl Coulter and William Gray as administrators requested by Dean's father.

James Dean Killed As Result Of California Car Accident

FAIRMOUNT IS STUNNED TO LEARN OF TRAGEDY WHICH CLAIMED NATIVE SON; HEADON COLLISION NEAR INTERSECTION CAUSES FATALITY FRIDAY

Fairmount was stunned.

Saturday morning, which was the time most people learned of the violent tragedy that claimed the life of James Dean, the people who knew and loved him best could hardly conceive of the fact.

Death is always a hard thing to understand and especially when it strikes a young person, who apparently has much to give to the world and who is just beginning what could be a brilliant career.

That's how most people look at the accident which killed Jimmy (as he was known to homefolks).

Death came as result of a headon collision last Friday night near Paso Robles, California when the sports car he was driving was struck by another vehicle.

He died en route to the Paso Robles hospital after suffering multiple fractures of both arms and internal injuries.

Ralph Wueterich, 27, Hollywood, Dean's auto mechanic, was seriously injured. Donald Turnupseed, 23, Tulare, Calif., driver of the other car, escaped with minor injuries.

According to the California State Patrol, Turnupseed's car turned left from a road onto the highway where Jimmy was driving and the smash-up occured.

Warner Brothers, who owned his contract, had told Jimmy not to drive his sports car, a Porsche Spyder, while working on a picture. However, he had just finished "Giant" at its Texas location a few days beforehand.

Reportedly, he was traveling to an amateur car race.

Jimmy was born in Fairmount, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean, on February 8, 1931. They lived here five years from that time when they moved to Santa Monica, Calif.

His mother, the former Mildred Wilson, died in 1940 when Jimmy was nine-years-old.

He then came to live with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, and graduated from Fairmount High School in 1949.

Following his high school graduation, Jimmy enrolled at the University of City of Los Angeles. Then he left college and went to New York City where he was cast in minor TV rolls on, "Studio One", "You Are There" and "Television Playhouse".

As result of his television acting, Jimmy was cast in the Broadway play, "The Immoralist", and ultimately won the David Blum award for the most promising stage newcomer.

Elia Kazan, famed Hollywood director, caught Jimmy's performance on Broadway and signed him to play Caleb in "East of Eden", based on John Steinbeck's novel.

Jimmy shot to stardom with almost unbelievable rapidity as result of his work in "Eden". Homefolks who saw the movie were heard to comment that many of the mannerisms Jimmy used were just like he did "at home".

Mrs. Adeline Nall, former Fairmount High School teacher, first started Jimmy on his road to success as she recognized his ability and tutored and encouraged him to develop it.

"That spontaneous laugh", Mrs. Nall said after seeing "East of Eden", "was so very natural. It was one of his traits I'd noticed throughout school."

James Bacon, Hollywood correspondent for the Associated Press, said, "Dean could well become Hollywood's first posthumous Academy Award winner for his role in 'East of Eden'".

Many critics have credited Jimmy's debut in the movie as the male Oscar performance to beat.

"Dean was the hottest property we had," a Warner Brothers official said. "We had great plans for him".

George Stevens, who directed "Giant", said Jimmy's death was "a great tragedy. He had extraordinary talent."

Comments like this could go on and on for it was generally conceded that James Dean was "something special" . . . and he was "something special" to his home town, too, forgetting his achievements in movieland.

During high school days, Jimmy was extremely active in extra curricular work. His portrayal of "the monster" in a high school version of "Frankenstein" will be recalled by many.

. . . Basketball Star

Hockett Studio

Then too, he was a member of the ever-popular basketball team representing the Quakers from Fairmount High. During his senior year in the sectional tourney he shot a last-second field goal to beat Gas City 30-27.

In addition he was a member of the track and baseball teams and was awarded the school's top athlete medal his last year in high school at which time he was also given the art department medal.

Perhaps among the first signs of his dramatic talent came while he was a youngster and won silver and gold medals in WCTU speaking contests.

In 1949, his senior year in high school, Jimmy won first place for acting during the National Forensic League's state contest at Peru.

Outside of his school activities, many people will remember Jimmy ice skating on the Winslow ponds just North of Fairmount. He was pretty good, too . . . could keep up with the older fellows.

Each time that he came home for a visit he would also visit the high school and talk to the student body. On one occasion he explained the art of bull fighting . . . which he had practiced somewhat.

On his last visit he arrived in time to attend a dance at the high school and during the evening he played the drums . . . mambo fashion.

Magazines galore have given valuable publicity space to the "Indiana farm boy" who had risen to a Hollywood star in such a short time. LIFE magazine even sent a photographer to Fairmount with Jimmy to get shots of him in his home surroundings.

(Copies of this magazine were sold before they arrived at the newsstands and are at a premium today.)

Just a few days before his death a Sunday supplement in one of the larger daily papers in this area carried an article dealing with the filming of "Giant" in Texas.

It went into detail explaining how the heat taxed the energy of all the actors. All of them, that is, except Jimmy Dean, who would go rabbit hunting in the evening.

Jimmy Dean contributed a lot in the 24 short years he lived. A great many people, who didn't understand him, called Jimmy eccentric. Perhaps he was. But them again, when a person becomes so wrapped up in something he forgets everything else but that one thing.

When he lets off steam it is apt to be outside the regular bounds of activity, according to the measure of society.

His homefolks understood him, though.

And they'll miss him.

Last Rites Will Be Held Here Saturday

Dr. James A. DeWeerd, Rev. Xen Harvey To Conduct

Funeral services for James Dean, 24, will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Friends Church in Fairmount by Dr. James A. DeWeerd and the Rev. Xen Harvey, pastor of the church.

Dr. DeWeerd, who has a telecast at Cincinnati shortly before services begin at 2 o'clock, will be flown in the private plane of Buford Cadle to Marion Airport and is scheduled to arrive there at 1:45.

He will be met by a State Police Patrol car and be driven to the Friends Church.

Following the church service, burial will take place at Park Cemetery in Fairmount.

The Rev. Xen Harvey said Thursday night that his church will accomodate approximately 600 people by adding extra chairs. In addition to the amplifying system at the church, a public address installation will enable those outside to hear the rites.

Wilbur Hunt, director of Hunt Funeral Home which is handling arrangements, said he had received requests from Hollywood that seats be reserved.

Hunt said the requests were denied in view of the fact that this is to be a public funeral.

A Hunt Funeral Home ambulance met the plane returning young Dean's body from California at 10:17 Tuesday night at the Indianapolis airport.

The body was taken to Hunt's Funeral Home, where friends may call.

Survivors include the father, Winton Dean, Los Angeles; maternal grandfather, John Wilson, Marion; paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Dean, Fairmount; Charles Nolan Dean, uncle, Gas City; and, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Winslow, uncle and aunt, Fairmount.

DEATH OF JAMES DEAN, FAIRMOUNT HIGH ALUMNI CASTS A PALL OF SADNESS OVER STUDENT BODY

The shocking news of the death of James Dean has cast a spell of unbelievable saddness over Fairmount High School. The graduate of the class of '49 had soared to fame in his first picture "East of Eden" and had just completed two more pictures. The students, faculty, and townspeople have all been very proud of his great accomplishments in such a short time.

Jimmie's family had just spent a month with him in California and were on their way home when the fatal accident occured. The Winslows arrived home early Monday evening only then to learn of the tragic car accident which killed Jim just one week ago today.

The students feel they knew Jim well, because he spoke before them in convocations whenever he was home and visited many of the classrooms, especially speech classes. Because he was a Fairmount graduate, the students felt especially proud when he came back to the school, with his greatness never making them feel small or unimportant.

Jim did everything with an intense desire to do it well. If he liked a certain thing, it seemed to be with everything he had. Racing, bull-fighting, and drums were things he loved with this intensity. They set him apart from others, made him an interesting person, not afriad to be different, but with a personality all his own.

Commentators from Hollywood have stated that Jim had a brilliant career ahead of him. In one picture he gained a popularity that usually takes young actors a long time to achieve.

Cards of sympathy have poured into the postoffice for the family from all over the United States. It is apparent that he has many, many friends. Actors and actresses he has worked with are expected to attend the funeral.

The final funeral rites will be held tomorrow in the Fairmount Friends Church.

Fairmount's Chamber of Commerce has made tentative plans for a James Dean plaque.

Compite details will be announced as soon as possible.

(*Continued from page 66*) to forget him. Oh, Mr. Saxon, we are counting on you —*Please, Please* don't let us down!

Respectfully,
Patti & members.

I thank you wholeheartedly for doing proper justice to the great talent that was James Dean's by awarding him a posthumous award.

Let's hope that the MODERN SCREEN award is only the beginning of a long line to be climaxed by the presentation of the Academy Awards next March.

. . . Richard Deres

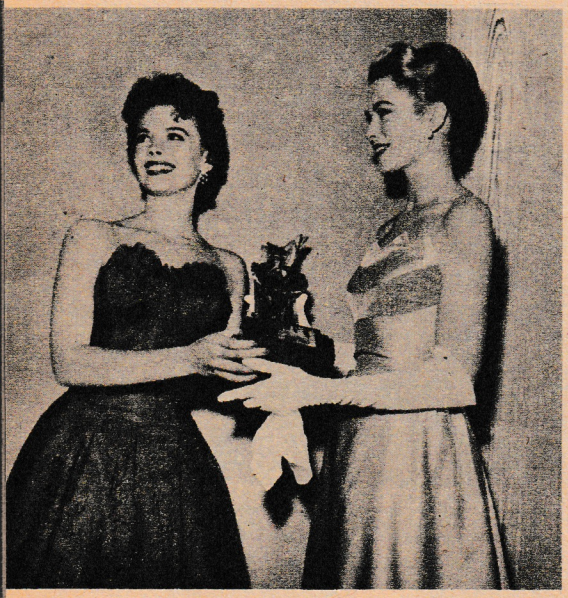
I saw the show Sunday night. Thanks for not forgetting James Dean. Even though he is gone, you make his wonderful spirit live in all of us. . . .

. . . Gracie Lawlor

. . . There is only one question in my mind though, what will become of the plaque given to Natalie Wood, for James Dean? Will she keep it or will it be given to his parents or what? ?

. . . Angie Micare

Grace gives Natalie Jimmy's Audience Award



Dear Mr. Delacorte:

I believe one of the longest hours that I've ever sat through, was the night MODERN SCREEN was presenting their awards, at the Cocoanut Grove.

I knew the program could never have ended unless Jimmy was mentioned.

Mr. Dean and I would like to thank you and the people who made it possible, from the bottom of our hearts for our Jimmy's award.

I do not know how these things are handled, but nothing could make us happier than to be able to have his award to treasure forever. Do you think this would be possible? Do you know who has it now?

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Winton A. Dean

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean and all our readers who asked what will be done with* MODERN SCREEN'S *plaque: It is at present, with the Audience Award for best actor of 1955, in the Warner Brothers Trophy case, at the studio. We have requested that our plaque be sent to Mr. and Mrs. Dean.*

. . . I don't know how to explain this but I have to get it off my chest. Deep down in my heart I believe that I loved James Dean. I know that this letter sounds like some kid that has a crush on some movie star. But not me. James Dean, when I first saw him in *Rebel Without A Cause,* had no special effect on me. But after a while I got to thinking and when I heard that he was dead I couldn't believe it. Yet I had to accept the fact.

. . . He may be dead bodily, but please, please keep him alive spiritually. . . . Keep alive what this boy strived for. . . .

DEATH OF A REBEL

I do not know, just how to write, the words that are unseen;
Nor how to write the tragic tale, the death of Jimmy Dean.
But I'll just write what's in my heart, and what I know is true,
And hope where Jimmy is today, he'll understand it, too.

. . . Janie Hutcheson

Dear Jimmy,

This letter is meant to say, once and for all, how we feel about you.

We love you.

Yes, Jimmy, not in a possessive way, but in such a way that we only wanted you to be happy—to lose that inner torment which seemed to be a part of you. And besides this, we loved, and still love, each thing about you. The things we keep in a secret treasury and touch and count as if they were precious jewels—which they are.

We love that shock of tawny, uncombed hair.

We love your broad forehead and the tiny crease which showed itself between the brows when you were unhappy or perplexed (and we longed to comfort you).

We love those quizzical dark brows that expressed a hundred things.

We love your bewildered eyes—and the owlish dark-rimmed glasses.

We love that beautiful insouciant nose.

We love your expressive lips, kissing like no one else's; or half-open, searching for air as if the world smothered you; or twisted bitterly; or in the heartbreaking smile which should have come more often.

We love your voice, in husky, mumbled words which laid you open to the depths; in sobs which tore us, too, apart; in the marvelous yet frightening anger which could pour out of you; in the wonderful, explosive laugh that convulsed your whole body as if you were helpless before it.

We love the way you stood and sat and lay; the way you huddled into yourself, with arms crossed and head bent; the way you walked, as if you were throwing yourself carelessly at the world, asking nothing and receiving nothing from it.

We love—oh, Jimmy, most of all, we love—your meteor spirit, lighting a dark sky too briefly. That spirt, courageous, rebellious, proud, and yet lost and gentle and lovable; the essence of tormented youth—of a generation to which we too belong and which we therefore can understand.

Jimmy, there is only one more thing we want to tell you, and it is—that something that is loved can never die.

. . . Retha Hodge, Mary Malone, Blanche Mayeo, Helen Gentry, Betty Anne Terry, Harriet Hope, and Jill Schlesinger.

. . . I must say that I was very pleased when I saw that James Dean received an award. You just don't know how happy it's made me to know that our so-called rude monster has some fans after all. But on the other hand you don't know how much it hurt me that James Dean couldn't receive that award himself.

I'm not going to deny that it knocked me for a loop, nor am I going to deny that I've cried every night since his death, seen his new pic *Rebel Without A Cause* twice and go to sleep on sixteen mags containing articles about him. I can't deny any of those things and under no circumstances will I ever. And now you know my feelings about Jimmy and you know now why I'm happy and sad.

. . . P. Kniess

I don't know how much good a letter like this makes, but here goes—why don't they give the Oscar to James Dean's father?

Jimmy deserved this award all the way and just because he was taken away doesn't mean a substitute should be made —there is no substitute for his talent.

. . . A. Ruzgevian

Dear George Stevens:

I read every story on Jim now I want to let out my feeling about him.

He went out with girls who didn't understand him yet those girls were very lucky to be with such a wonderful guy. If I could have only been with him for a moment I would learn to understand him. He was a very lonely boy who felt he wasn't wanted.

To me he isn't the late James Dean and never will be. I'll see him someday, where I don't know but I will.

And when we do meet I won't like him for being an actor but for being himself and making him feel he's wanted and someone cares for him.

I know this is asking too much of you but can you please ask Jimmy's father if I may have Jim's medal that he wore in some of the books.

Thank you very much for trying to understand my letter.

Let's just say that this is one of the last fan letters that he got.

. . . G. D.

. . . From us who feel so greatly this loss we say. Good night Jimmy, but not Good-bye. Peace!

. . . . God called James to a happier world . . . the one he left behind had nothing to offer him. James is loved by his mother once more, and no power on earth can ever take her from him again.

. . . Anthony Giannone

Mr. George Stevens:

When someone with all your responsibilities takes time out to sit down and write a story such as "A Tenderness Lost"—he must be a pretty wonderful man. It's funny about James Dean—he had only appeared in a few movies, but in our high school group—he was the favorite—all the way around. We read in Miss Hedda Hopper's column that someone may start a "memorial" in Jimmy's honor. We think it would be wonderful and we'll get our groups together—to have dances, and record hops to help raise money for it.

. . . "Jimmy's fans"

A great many of my friends and I have seen James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause.* We have also been following as many articles on him as possible and as yet we cannot recall one good one.

We were and still are fans of Marlon Brando but we must admit that James Dean's acting in *Rebel* outdid any performance Brando has ever given and we think he should receive some kind of worthy mention or award for it. You ask what we would like to read about in MODERN SCREEN and now we would like to tell you. A large, truthful article on Jimmy.

Dean and his picture on the cover of the magazine. Please do this if it is at all possible as we would appreciate it very much. We feel that Jimmy's death was not of his own doing but something he was almost driven to do. He was constantly criticized and ridiculed. Nothing he did was right. How could it be with hound-like reporters growling down his neck recording sarcastically every movie he made?

. . . Miss Emerson

Thank you very much for the stories of Jimmy Dean. I truly enjoyed them. The pictures of him were wonderful. If you have any more pictures of him I wish you would publish them. No one will ever be able to act as Jimmy Dean did. I would enjoy another story of him.

. . . Madonna Mikosky

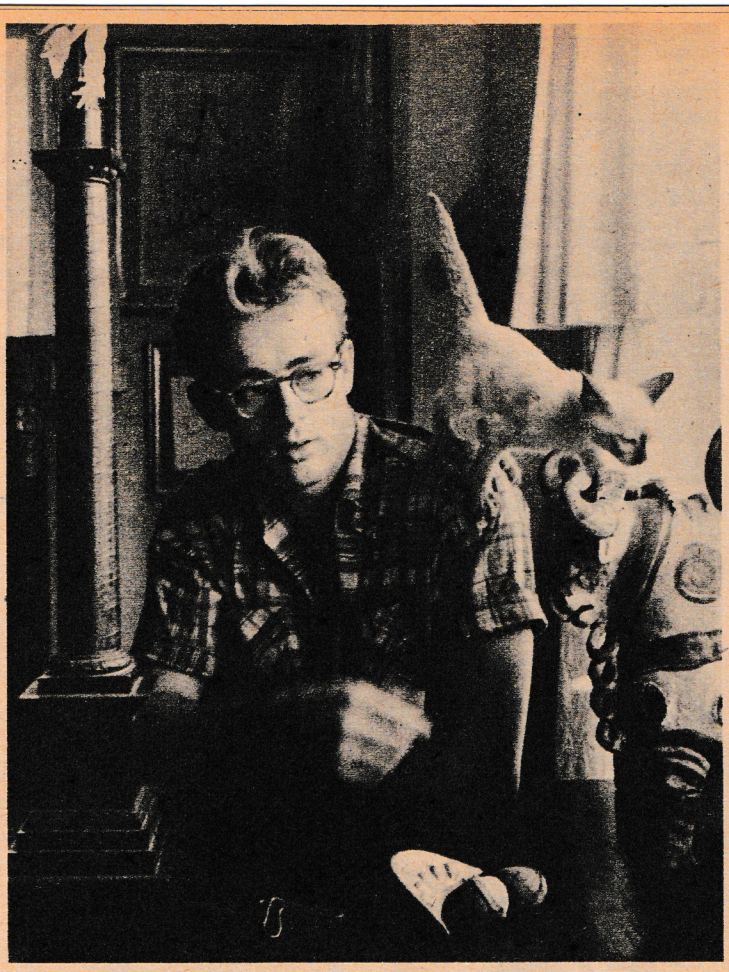
. . . I thought your article on James Dean was the best published since June. The main trouble is *no* one ever published a good picture suitable for framing. Why don't you *please* select the best pictures of James Dean and print them, or better still put out an entire mag on him. . . .

. . . Jo Angoth

I think the story you have in this month's MODERN SCREEN magazine titled "Jimmy Dean's Appointment With Death" and "This Was My Friend Jimmy Dean," is a great tribute, for a *great actor. I am deeply grieved by his death.*

. . . Mr. Roy R. Pine

the prophecies are legend now...



I'm on my soapbox

■ I want to say that not since Valentino has any actor been more idolized in death than when he was alive than the late James Dean.

Some of the adulation is good. Some is hysterical—such as one teenager telling the police that she tried to commit suicide "to join Jimmy in death."

Yet no one seems to have touched the heart of the public more than this fine young actor. Warner Brothers reports that in the month of April, seven months after his death, the fan mail department received 5000 letters about young Dean.

CBS-TV is reissuing his one filmed TV drama, *The Unlighted Road*, because of public demand.

His friend and director, Nick Ray, who led young Dean through *Rebel Without A Cause*, is writing a book on him. So is his father, Winton Dean.

Elizabeth Taylor, Jo Van Fleet, Sal Mineo, Natalie Wood and other stars who worked with Jimmy, tell me that they get as much fan mail begging for information about him as they do about themselves. Director George Stevens, who directed Jimmy's last picture, *Giant*, says he receives mail "demanding" to know the release date of the picture.

His grandparents, in Fairmount, Indiana, say that fans stop daily at their home to talk about the actor and to ask where they can visit his grave.

At Princeton University, a mask of Dean will be displayed along with masks of Edwin Booth, Beethoven, Thackeray and Keats!

A young pal of his recently said to me, "Some of this adulation shocks me. If there is anything Jimmy hated it was sensationalism. And, yet—I think he would be pleased if he knew how deeply he still lives in the heart of the public."

LONE WOLF

(*Continued from page 44*)

Scandinavian accent, "is a nice man. Some of those things he does, it is because he is youthful, and it takes time to handle fame. One must first learn how. But he is really very polite, very kind. They tell me he does not smile enough. Not true. He smiles much. He has a good sense of humor."

In other film quarters, however, the Dean sense of humor is generously described as "slightly perverse."

Jimmy himself, for example, likes to tell how he scared the wits out of a supposedly sophisticated and worldly photographer.

"A couple of months ago," Dean narrates, "this fellow, you know Dennis—well, Dennis went back to Indiana with me. Wanted to shoot me on the farm. Hometown stuff.

"One day we walked into town, and I stopped by Wilbur Hunt's. Wilbur runs a kind of general store in Fairmount. He's also the town mortician, and in the back he's got a selection of caskets. 'Mind if we shoot some stuff in here?' I asked Wilbur.

"He's a wonderful guy. 'Help yourself,' he said. So we went into the back. There were these caskets. I got into one of them and lay down. 'Go ahead,' I said to Dennis. 'Start shooting.' He thought I was kidding, but I always wanted to see how I'd look in a casket. Besides you should've seen the expression on Dennis' face.

"Anyway, he shot the pictures. Great stuff. Sent them into *Life*. Know what? The editors wouldn't publish a single one. Printed some stuff of me around the farm. Country boy—that routine."

Country boy—those two words—offer the key to Jimmy Dean's seemingly strange behavior. He acts awkward and this awkwardness is interpreted as rudeness. Actually, it seems that Jimmy retreats into his shell when he can't handle a new social situation, such as a studio shindig, or a top-level interview or a swank Hollywood get-together. He appears sullen and non-cooperative, but largely because he feels out of place and doesn't know what to do. Also, he is by nature fiercely independent and resents doing anything that rubs against his grain.

Let him like something, however, and he goes the whole hog.

Not too long ago he was at a party with Eartha Kitt and a bunch of other talented entertainers. Eartha started to sing. Jimmy sat down on the floor and grabbed a bongo drum. Two friends joined him. Eartha singing and Jimmy on the bongos. You should've dug it. Simply crazy, wild, out of this world.

Later that night they began to use the tape recorders. Jimmy has three or four which he uses all the time. "Great," he says. "Help me in my work. Like this part of Jett Rink I play in *Giant*. I had tape recordings of fellows with Texas accents. The thing to do is not to exaggerate the drawl. Get it just right."

Jimmy and Eartha sang and played the whole night with about ten other Hollywood characters. Dean recorded the festivities, and next day in the sanctity of his one-room garage apartment, played the tape recordings over and over again.

He has a great collection of African chants and knows a lot about tribal customs and *mores*. He is also a bull-fighting *afficionado* and one of the crack stock-car racing drivers in the country. This love of racing is currently giving the Warner moguls a fit.

During the filming of *Rebel Without A Cause*, for instance, Jim Dean raced his Porsche in the Palm Springs and Bakersfield Meets. As soon as he was finished with his Saturday scenes, he'd take off for the racing grounds. He was a winner in both races, hitting over 120 mph.

According to a veteran California driver, "This Dean kid is fearless. He drives as if he had some secret agreement with Death to lay off him. He's relatively new to speed-racing out here. Matter of fact we never heard of him until he showed up down at the Springs. We thought maybe he was one of those Hollywood characters looking for kicks or publicity. Hell, no. This kid really knows the business. He's one helluva fine rider. Knows what he's doing every minute."

In addition to his Porsche, Jim recently bought himself a hopped-up British Triumph motorcycle. Frequently he tears into the studio astride his mount to give one executive heart failure. The executive watches Jim zoom down the road, then sadly shakes his head and mutters, "That crazy kid is gonna kill himself."

At this point in his life James Byron Dean is living strictly for himself. He has no one to support, no one to please, no one in the world to cater to except James Byron Dean.

Although his father and step-mother live only eight or ten miles away from his Hollywood hideaway in the hills, he rarely visits them. Just why he isn't there more often is hard to tell.

Winton Dean, Jim's father, has what he thinks might be an adequate explanation for his son's behavior.

"I'll tell you this," he says. "My Jim is a tough boy to understand. At least, he is for me. But maybe that's because I don't understand actors, and he's always wanted to become one.

"Another reason is that we were separated for a long period of time, from when he was nine until he was eighteen. Those are the important, formative years when a boy and his father usually become close friends.

"Jim and I—well, we've never had that closeness. It's nobody's fault, really. Just circumstances. I came out to California in 1936 with Jim and his mother. Came right out here to Santa Monica. Worked in the Veterans' Hospital, dental technician. Did the same thing back in Indiana. Back there I worked for the Veterans' Hospital in Marion.

"A few years later, Jim's mother came down with cancer. She was only twenty-nine. The doctors told me it was hopeless. I didn't know what to do. How do you tell an eight-year-old boy his mother's going to die? I tried. In my own stumbling way I tried to prepare Jim for it. Tried to tell him about the sorrow that was coming. Many times I tried to tell the boy what was coming. I just couldn't make it.

"Jim's mother passed away before she was thirty. I was broken up. So was the boy. I couldn't look after him and work, too, so I sent him back to Indiana to live with my sister and her husband. They raised Jim on their farm. And what a fine job they did. In high school, you know, he was a standout athlete, specializing in track and basketball. Absolutely tops.

"When Jim came out here," Mr. Dean continues, "to go to Santa Monica College, he stayed with us—I was remarried by then—and we got along just fine. He was always crazy about acting, and I remember saying to him a couple of times, 'Jim, acting is a good hobby but why don't you study something substantial? Why don't you become a lawyer?' But no, it was acting with him all the way.

"Nowadays, he lives in a world we don't understand too well—the actors' world. We don't see too much of him. But he's a good boy, my Jim. A good boy, and I'm very proud of him. Not easy to understand. No, sir. He's not easy to understand. But he's all man, and he'll make his mark. Mind you, my boy will make his mark."

On the basis of only one film, *East of Eden*, Jimmy Dean has already made his mark. After *Rebel Without A Cause* is released and *Giant* is completed, the studio expects that the boy will become "the hottest actor in the business."

By then, however, Jim may not be in the business. He may be enrolled as a private in the Army of the United States. Only a few weeks ago he was called down to the Los Angeles induction station for his Army physical. Although he's extremely near-sighted and can't see very well without glasses, he is otherwise in good physical condition.

A stint in the service doesn't faze Jim one bit. Other actors bemoan the loss of revenue that military service entails, but Dean has never built his life around money. "Never had much," he says, "and don't need much. If the Army wants me I'm ready."

When that particular remark was relayed to a Hollywood beauty whom Dean had been seeing frequently before he took off for *Giant* location work, she pursed her lips and wrinkled her brow.

"Sure, he's ready to go," she repeated. "Jimmy Dean is ready to go anywhere, any place, any time. He's a free soul. Only," she pouted, "I don't want him to go. With all his crazy ways he's the cutest little guy we've had around Hollywood in a long, long time. Problems or no, he's a boy we'd all like to hang on to. A regular little tiger, that one." END

In Texas, making Giant, *Jimmy wouldn't answer any questions about himself and Lilli Kardell. On the set, he was a serious young actor at work.*

Possibly because Jim's mind just wasn't on Ursula —nor on Marilyn nor on any of the other Hollywood girls. His thoughts were with a blonde Swedish girl, a continent away.

In New York, Lili Kardell was introduced to Aly Khan. This connoisseur of female talent took one look at the cute Swedish blonde, and he flipped. He was en route to Europe at the time, having arranged final custody agreements with Rita Hayworth concerning their daughter Yasmin. But he canceled his sailing to spend some time in New York with Lili. Separated from Jimmy, Lili went out with him. He took her to the Stork Club, to El Morocco, to all the night spots she had read so much about. He rushed her, no doubt about it. And she was immensely flattered. But her heart and thoughts were with the guy from Indiana.

When Lili heard that Jim had finished *Rebel* and was about to take off for Texas and the *Giant* location, she felt she had to see him. She flew back to Los Angeles.

"When do you leave for Texas?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," Dean said.

So they had one night in which to talk and catch up on what had happened. They went to the Villa Capri. Lili told about her New York experiences, the TV work, the big city, Aly Khan. Jim filled her in on the Hollywood data. Next day he took off for Marfa, Texas.

"See you when I get back," he said.

This was not exactly the farewell scene Lili bargained for. No protestation of love, not even an "I'll miss you!" After all, she had come all the way from New York to see Jimmy. Now he was disappearing with the most casual goodbyes. Piqued, she decided that this time she wasn't going to brood. She was going to get the elusive Mr. Dean out of mind.

So Lili started dating. She saw Jess Barker, Susan Hayward's ex-husband. She was given a whirl by Frank Sinatra, one of the most charming men in town. She met and spent time with other men entirely unconnected with the world of show business. To casual observers Lili Kardell was having a ball.

The only trouble was, she couldn't get Jimmy Dean off her mind. Every time she spotted a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, a motorcycle, even a leather jacket, she felt a pang.

Partly to provide diversion, she moved from her Valley Sands apartment to a new one south of Sunset Boulevard. The new one had no memories. Lili told herself she was glad. Then one morning, she woke up thinking "But how will Jimmy find me? He doesn't know I have moved!" At that point she capitulated. If she couldn't forget him, she couldn't. So she called her agent.

"Don't forget," she told him. "As soon as Jimmy calls, give him my new phone number." Then she sat back to wait patiently, somewhat buoyed up by the knowledge that she probably wouldn't have to leave Hollywood again. Twentieth Century-Fox was prepared to test her "just as soon as Darryl Zanuck gets back from Europe."

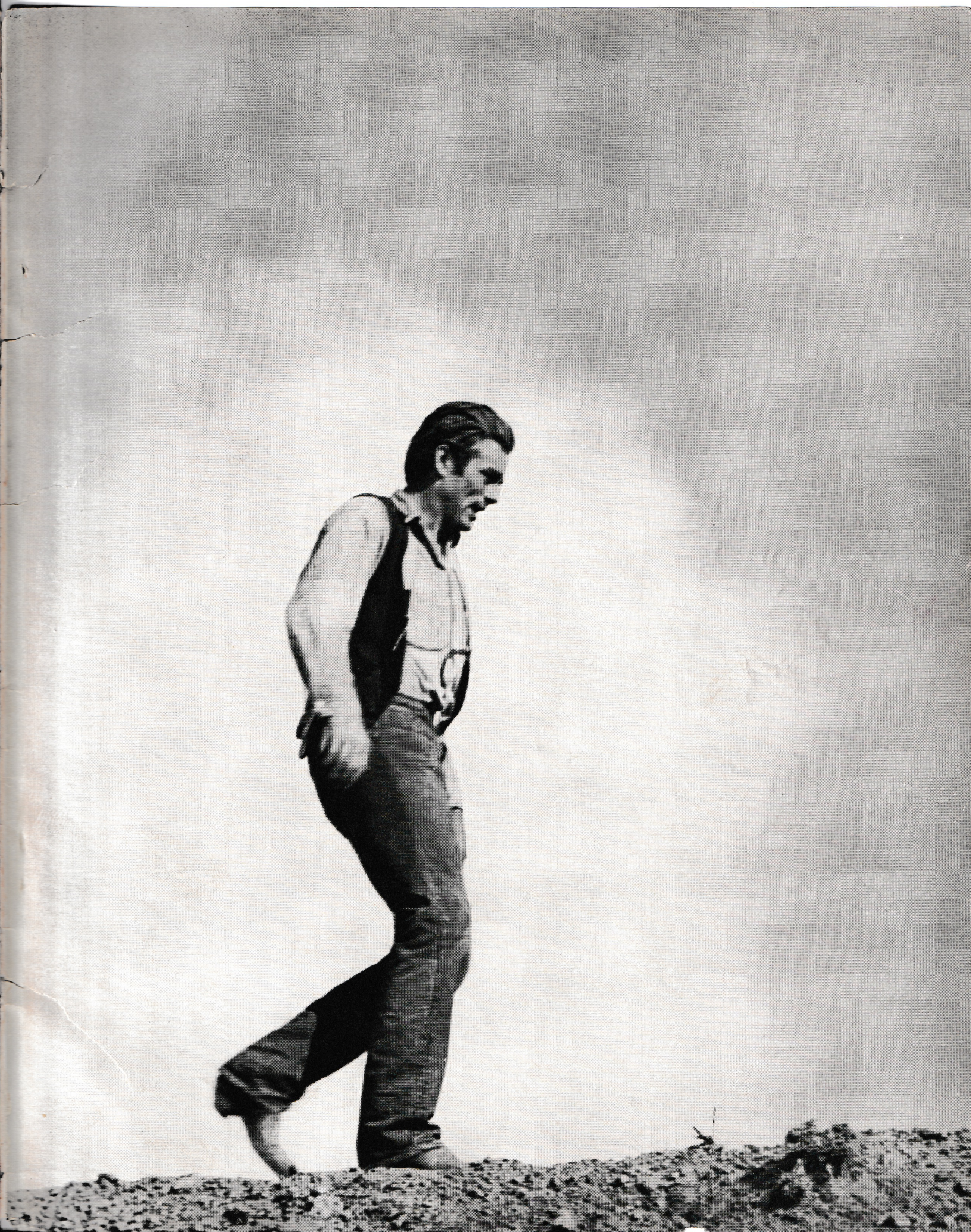
In Texas, Jim worked hard. After all, work was just what a young actor—a *serious* young actor should think about. He refused to answer any questions about his love life. Especially questions that went (as by this time they did), "Is it true that you're in love with Lili Kardell?"

When they asked him that, Jim just turned and walked away. But he couldn't get the name out of his mind.

One evening in the middle of this past July, the phone in Lili Kardell's apartment jingled. Lili answered it, unaccountably nervous. "I had a strange feeling," she recalls. "Something told me."

"Hi! Cat!" said a voice.

Lovely Lili threw herself tummy-flat across the bed. "It's you, Jim," she cried. "You, Jim." Then she swallowed hard. A lump welled up in her throat, and it wasn't easy to keep from crying. **END**



Jim Brown